

A. D. PATERSON,

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## STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR, AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG AT, THE LATE FESTIVAL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! Robin! Robin! child of Song,  
The nobly poor—the bravely strong,  
Warm hearts have met to crown thy lyre,  
And mourn the fate that quench'd its fire.  
Like many another rare and great,  
Thou wert not treasured till too late,  
Thy "magic mantle's" glowing sheen,  
Burst through thy shroud-cloth ere 'twas seen.

Oh! Robin! Robin! bards divine,  
Fair wreaths for thee have loved to twine,  
But none that deck thy memory stone,  
Eclipse the laurels of thine own.  
The craven hand would seek to fling  
A shadow o'er thy richest string;  
But never shall such coward slave,  
Shut out one ray from Robin's grave.

Oh! Robin! Robin! princes now,  
Will speak of him who "held the plough;"  
And many a pilgrim hails the spot,  
Made sacred by the "ploughman's cot."  
The lips that laugh—the hearts that grieve,  
Chant forth thy strains from morn till eve;  
For Nature ever fondly turns,  
To hear her own sweet truth from Burns.

Though nought beside of hallow'd worth,  
Marked Scotia's men and Scotia's earth;  
Since Burns has sung, she needs no more  
To spread her fame the wide world o'er.  
Oh! Robin! Robin! proudly dear,  
Thy spirit still is with us here;  
And Glory's halo round thy head,  
Shines as we laud the mighty dead.

## NICK CROXTED, THE LAW-EVADER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER FRIGOINE," &amp;c.

Last summer I boarded a steamer, bound, as I afterwards found, for Dover, Deal, and Ramsgate, and as she was a fine, commodious, fast-sailing boat, I had almost resolved to visit the most distant of her places of call, and then cross over to the opposite coast; but, as we steamed along one of the passengers pointed out to me a point of land on her larboard bow as one of the flattest and most miserable spots he had ever seen. He wondered how any body could live in such a place, and professed to entertain a serious doubt whether the inhabitants ever saw a visitor come amongst them.

I like to astonish people; so when I had learnt from the fastidious gentleman, that the flat, low, aquish-looking island was called Deadman's Ness, I quietly and mendaciously told him that that was the place of my destination, the spot which I had selected to pass a few pleasant days in.

In order to make my story good I left him shrugging his shoulders and eyeing me with a look of pity, mingled with surprise, at my bad taste, to tell the captain to hoist a flag as a signal for a boat to put off to convey me ashore.

It was speedily noticed, and a little peter-boat hoisted her sprit-sail and was quickly along side. I paid my fare, took leave of my communicative acquaintance, and with my carpet-bag in my hand, seated myself in the space near the well of the peter-boat, which was graced with the name of a cabin by its owner and occupier.

As the wind had been favourable for the boat to leave Deadman's Ness and reach the steamer, of course it was unfavourable for the boat to leave the steamer and reach the Ness. We had to tack I do not know how many times before we gained a clear sight of the little landing-place for which we were making, and when I saw it and the small public-house which stood close to it, and was told that it was the only place of entertainment for strangers on the island, I began to regret the probable sacrifice of an evening and night's comforts, for the mere purpose of astonishing a perfect stranger. Regrets, however, were useless then, and I endeavoured to console myself by thinking that if the accommodations were bad at the little inn, I could hire a boat and sail elsewhere, or take my carpet-bag in hand, and get ferried over to the main land, and walk to the nearest town, which my conveyer in the peter-boat assured me was not above ten miles distant.

I had been so much occupied in surveying the land before me that I had not thought of raising my eyes to the skies above me, nor was I aware that a bright clear morning had been succeeded by a cloudy, thick, hazy noon, until a heavy drop of rain fell upon my hand. I immediately looked up, and before I could ask whether the day was likely to prove unfavourable, a faint flash, succeeded by the rumbling of distant thunder, told me that we were about to have a storm. My boatman, as we were not above a quarter of a mile from the land, brailled up his sprit-sail and took in foresail, and when his canvass was all made snug, put out his oars, and pulled vigorously ashore. We reached the land just as the rain began to fall in torrents, the lightning to gleam more vividly, and the thunder to proclaim, by its increased loudness, that the storm was approaching us more closely.

A few steps enabled me to reach "The Fish," and a few words to explain to its landlady that I wished for some refreshment and accommodation for the

night. I was shown into a sitting-room, and then into a clean, though very minute bedroom above, which I was informed was at my service. This part of the arrangement was quite satisfactory, and when a nice dish of flounders, delicately fried, and a few slices of bacon, flanked by delicious fresh eggs, made their appearance, I was quite reconciled to my fate. I ate my bacon in the midst of the thunder-storm without giving vent to the exclamation which a certain Israelite is reported to have uttered under the same unpropitious circumstances.

After my meal was ended, I filled and lighted my tube, mixed my tumbler, and careless whether or not the spirits or the weed had paid duty to government, established a cloud of my own, which soon vied in density with the vapours without.

The storm passed over, and the last distant clap of thunder was heard as I struck the ashes out of my pipe. I would not fill again, for I expected, as the thunder had ceased, that the rain would shortly cease too. In this I was deceived, and need I say it?—disappointed. It ceased to pour with rain it is true—but the heavy, dashing, splashing rain, was succeeded by a steady falling of moisture, which, from the leaden hue of the clouds, seemed likely to last for hours, and so it did.

What was to be done!—read? There was not a book in the house. I had, it is true, my pocket Horace, and my Elzevir Pindar in my pocket, but I knew their odes by heart. Write! I had materials, it is equally true, but I was not "in the vein" to use them. After sitting for some time, thinking of Washington Irving's wet day, and longing for a cock on a heap of manure, or a disconsolate sparrow to gaze upon, and sympathize with, I did see a skylark attempt to soar above the clouds, but after he had flown a little way, and uttered a twit-twit or two his spirits were damped. He closed his wings, and fell suddenly to the ground. He alighted on the sand and ran his head into a tuft of rushea, which was the only vegetable, save and except a straggling furze bush or two which grew upon the flat shore, seemingly resolved to seek for safety and for succour in its scanty protection.

The only remedy in a case like mine that I have as yet discovered, is to summon the landlord, and bribe him with unlimited offers of glasses of grog, to afford you the pleasure of his company. I did so upon this occasion, but was informed by his wife that he had not yet returned from fishing. I was delighted to hear her add that she expected him before very long, as the tide had already turned, and would speedily cover the low flat shore, which was at present bare for some half mile. It was an amusement to me to watch the tiny waves as they came tumbling in, and filled pool after pool; and then there was a stake fixed in the sand, and it relieved me to observe the tide gently rising to its top until it covered it. Lastly, the water reached the hard at which I had landed, and it was great fun to bet with myself how many minutes some particular shaped stone would remain dry. Guess my relief, however, when I saw four little cutter-rigged vessels round the point, and make directly for mine inn. I borrowed an umbrella and went out to meet them, and to inspect their cargoes, which I found consisted entirely of shrimps, on supplying the London market with which their livelihood chiefly depended.

I introduced myself to the landlord, whom I knew by his wearing that peculiar look which those who have been in the habit of entertaining men and horses invariably wear. I can hardly describe the look; but it is a sort of mixture of curiosity, deference, and defiance, as much as to imply, "Who are you? I am delighted to see you if you have any money, and are inclined to spend it; but if you have not any, or are stingy with it, you may tramp as soon as you please."

I will not stop to record all that passed between us previously to our sitting down together to enjoy ourselves after a capital supper off that most delicious of all delicious sea-productions, the shrimp. It beats the prawn hollow in my estimation, if it be large, fresh, just boiled to a second, well salted, and eaten with good bread and butter and—an appetite.

Fancy us over our supper-sequiturs; the smoke ascending from our—pipes I was going to say—but it would have been wrong for I was furnished with some most excellent old cheroots, which my landlord undisguisedly told me were smuggled goods; the Hollands grog sending forth its peasy odours, which being also contraband, amalgamated most readily with the fragrant weed.

"Stranger," said my host, "I like what I have seen of you—here is to your good health. Smoke and drink freely, for no headache will follow from enjoying goods on which the government has not laid its dirty hands, and rely upon it the chalk-marks will not exhaust your purse to wipe them out."

I returned thanks of course, and perhaps the more courteously from the implied promise that my enjoyments would not prove expensive.

"How do you like Deadman's Ness?" he asked.

"I have seen so little of it," I replied, "and under such an unpropitious atmosphere, that I am unwilling to give an opinion of the little I have seen of it. I can only say that I have found your house and yourself agreeable; and if all the islanders resemble you and the crews of the boats that came in with you, you must be a fine race of men."

"Some people might call that flattery, but I do not," said mine host, rather proudly. "I stand six feet two in my stocking-feet, and yet I am not by any means considered a tall man in the Ness. I am strong, too, and hardy, and so we are all, for we are early risers, hard-workers, active players, and seldom within doors when there is light enough, for us to see to do any thing in the open air, and as for weather—bah! we despise it."

"No agree here, then?" said I.

"The chills—only the chills now and then—but we take preventives and seldom suffer."

"What medicines do you take," I inquired, "to guard against its effects?"



Instead of answering my question verbally, he quietly pointed with the end of his pipe to the old Dutch spirit-bottle and the tobacco-dish, and winked.

"You spoke of being active players—what are your sports?"

"It would make rather a long catalogue if I were to mention them all—but as for cricketing, swimming, running, shooting, and drinking, we are open to any challenge that be sent us. I say drinking—not that we are a drunken set of men by any means; but the air of the Ness would be unbearable if we did not set it at defiance by a preventive. To your very good health. No man who has been used to his grog and tobacco from his youth upwards in such a climate as ours, need fear to meet a main-landman over a bowl and a pipe."

"Do you get good shooting here?" I asked.

"Capital, in the winter season," he answered. "Snipes are always plentiful, and wild-fowl of all sorts resort in great numbers to our sands, and the ditches within our sea-walls. We shrimp all the summer months, and fowl all the winter months. It is our trade, and many a little fortune has been made by it—and—"

"I guess," said I; "tubs and bales."

"You are right," said he. "I don't blush to own it. It's all fair to cheat the government, for they tax us pretty heavily, and can afford to lose now and then."

"Is that your fowling-gun?" I enquired, pointing to an elongated cannon, with an enormous bore, which impended over my head by the side of a beam, which seemed almost too slight to support its weight.

"It is, bless her! I call her my Old Nick. She is the very best piece that ever was fired, if you are not afraid to load her heavily, and are strong enough to hold her. She does kick a little, certainly, but she won't knock you down backwards if you will only stand on one heel when you pull the trigger, and let her spin you round."

I smiled at the pleasant alternative, and asked him how it was that he spoke of the gun as a female, and yet called her by the male appellation of Old Nick.

"Why, she was given to me by Old Nick, and for his sake I call her by his name," said mine host, throwing a look of affection upon the piece, much warmer, I doubt not, than he would have thrown upon his wife.

"Old Nick!" said I. "I presume you do mean that the gun was bequeathed to you by—the gentleman in black who sometimes goes by that name on the mainland?"

"Bah!" said he. "I mean Old Nicholas Croxthead, of course."

"And who," I asked, "was he?"

"Never heard of Nick Croxthead?"

I nodded a negative.

"Well! I am surprised. You must have come from a good ways off not to have heard of him—but you must have heard of his name, it was so very well known."

I assured him that I had not, and begged him to enlighten my ignorance of the individual by giving me an insight into his character.

"Well—to think that any man having the appearance of a gentleman, should not have even heard of Nick Croxthead! I could not have believed it possible! but light another cheroot—they came direct from Bengal—and fill another glass—the tub that grog came out of never felt a dipping-stick within it—and I will give you a slight sketch of Old Nick."

I did as I was requested, and listened to the following strange story:

"You must know," commenced mine host, "that Deadman's Ness, as this our little island is called, because, as they say, the tide sets in upon it so strong, that bodies which have fallen or been thrown overboard in the river, are generally washed ashore here, and has long been, resorted to as a place of refuge, a haven of safety, by all who wish to escape from what is called justice. This place is a sort of asylum for people in difficulties."

"Surely," said I, "you do not shelter criminals—men who have committed—"

"No—no—we don't protect murderers, robbers, or burners of houses, or in sultriers of women. All I mean to say is, that if any man, gentle or simple, happens to have exceeded his means, and got into difficulties with his creditors, or taken a hare or a pheasant from a preserve, and given the keepers the slip, or a tap on the head, or has subjected himself to the kind inquiries of the excise-man or constable, he has only to get into Deadman's Ness, and trust to us. He is as safe as if he were on the other side of the herring-pond. Just ask a constable or an exciseman to show you the way here—he will lend you a telescope, and show you where to look at us, but he will not venture to act as your guide into the island."

"Well; when I was a youngster, some seventeen years old or so, at the time my father, rest his soul—he was killed in a shindy with the coast-guard—was alive, and kept this house, and tilled the little farm adjoining; I remember I was roused out of a comfortable sleep after a hard day's work on the water, by a handful of mould, thrown with great force, against my bedroom window."

"I thought it was Sally, my wife that is now, at some of her nonsense; for she was a young thing then, so I would not answer, and shammed sleep. The signal was repeated, and so much more vigorously, that to prevent my lattice being smashed in, I jumped out of bed and opened the window. It was a very dark night, for there was no moon; but if there was not a moon, there was a fog—and a Deadman's Ness fog is a fog, and not a mere little mass of vapour."

"Who's there?" said I.

"Why the — don't you come down and let me in, you lubber?" said a deep-toned voice, with more oaths between every other word than I choose to repeat.

"Who are you?" I again asked.

"Nick, you ignoramus," said the voice.

"What do you want, waking people up in this way?"

"I want Jabez Buntline, and that directly."

"My father's asleep long ago, and the house is shut up," said I; "but if you only want a snooze, you can turn into the stable, and enjoy the dry litter."

"Thank you for nothing, young one. Now just listen to me. If you do not go and rouse your father, and tell him that Nick—Nick Croxthead, mind, is befogged at his door, and besieged at home by the constables, and if he does not quickly make his respectable appearance, I'll fire the house, and burn the family to cinders."

"Where's your light?" said I, very impudently.

"Just be more than five minutes, that's all," said Nick, and before I could close the casement I heard a chip—chip—chipping kind of noise that I knew

proceeded from flint and steel, and saw a few sparks through the thick fog. I had heard of Nick by name although I had never seen him until then, and from what I heard of him I felt assured that any threat he uttered would not be uttered in vain.

"I ran to my father's door, and told him who was below. He was up instantly, like a sailor disturbed with the cry of a 'man overboard,' and I was ordered to grope my way in the dark and admit Nick as quickly as I could. I did so, and I got such a box on the ear for keeping him in the open air so long, that it tingles now at the bare remembrance of it. I hated Nick then, though I learned to love him afterwards."

"Well, my father came down shortly with a light and the keys of the bar, and when I had made up a good fire and put the kettle over it, I was ordered off to bed, but not before I had taken an observation of Mr. Nicholas Croxthead's personal appearance."

"He was as ugly as sin is said to be. He had lost an eye by a cutlass wound in a scrimmage, and the same blow had left a deep scar right across a nose that had been as prominent as an eagle's beak, but the blow, by crushing the bone, had left a pug. His teeth had suffered in some other affray, and brought his chin much nearer to the nose than nature intended it to be. His whiskers were enormously large and bushy, and his hair as white as our grey mare's tail. Such a pair of shoulders as he had you never saw, nor such calves to a pair of legs either, and his hands were bigger than a moderate sized shoulder of mutton. He certainly was what is called an ugly customer, and not a man to sing 'meet me by moonlight alone' to, if you thought he would have accepted the invitation."

"After I had seen the man I could not rest without listening to the tale which I knew he wished to communicate to my father; so after I had gone up to my room, and closed my door with a bang, I opened it again gently and slipped down stairs, taking great care that not a stair should creak under me lest I should be detected and murdered on the spot."

"Soon after I had placed my ear at a convenient crack in the door, I heard my father ask him what brought him over to the Ness at such an hour, and in such weather."

"A deep gruff voice replied; but in order that you may understand the reply, I must give you a short history of the individual who made it."

"Nicholas Croxthead came from no one knew where, and took a lone farm house just opposite the Ness on the main-land. The farm itself he took to, but never farmed it except to grow oats, beans, and lucern, as a crop for his horses. What his trade was, or how he lived, nobody knew exactly; but if you wanted a horse or a cow, a piece of silk, a bale of tobacco, a tub of choice spirits, or some Valenciennes lace, a watch, or a ship's cable, a jewelled crown, or a strong anchor, you had only to hint your wants to him, and you were supplied with the article fifty per cent. better and cheaper than you could get it elsewhere."

"Nick Croxthead was looked very shy upon by the neighbouring gentry when he first settled down amongst them: but by some means or other he got very thick with them after awhile, and 'who but Nick,' was the cry when they wanted a pony or a pointer, a little good tea or some strong waters. The ladies too smiled upon him, for he was good looking before he fell into scrapes, and many a ball-room has looked the grader for the lace and jewels supplied to the fair wearers by Master Nick."

"As to coursing, hunting and shooting, Nick had the best in the county. He was better horsed, better dogged, and better gunned than any of the real gentry, though he sold more horses, dogs, and guns than any body—even than those who were in that way of trade. He never objected to part with any thing he had, and that too at a very reasonable rate. His only stipulation was, 'Pay ready money, and ask no questions,' which was, generally, cheerfully complied with."

"Nick got on very well, and married a lady—a real lady—the sister of Squire Whortleberry, of Longfield Hall. She had been a great flirt, and jilted half the country, but she took Nick for better or worse when she saw a certain box opened in which he kept his watches and jewellery. He treated her kindly, I've been told, but never let her into any of his secrets. In this he acted wisely, as the sequel proved."

"Well, Nick lost himself in the estimation of his grand friends in this way at first. His respectable brother-in-law, Squire Whortleberry, had the horse he rode, purchased of Nick for thirty guineas claimed in the field as belonging to a gentleman in the neighbouring county. He called upon Nick to explain the mistake, but he had ridden off the field, and was not to be found. Another gentleman saw the splendid brace of setters that Nick had let him have as a favour for ten guineas, advertised for in the county paper as having been illegally abstracted from their kennel; and a third squire was challenged with shooting with a stolen gun just as he had won the stakes at a pigeon match."

"Nick, when taxed with these unpleasanties, merely shook his head and reminded the gentlemen of the terms on which they had become purchasers, 'ready money, and no questions asked.' Even his wife could not get any information out of him over his cups—for he was addicted to joviality."

"He began to be what is called 'looked shy upon,' and at last cut by the country men, but he did not seem to care about it, though his wife did, for though the house was filled with company, it was of a sort she did not like; so one very fine morning she eloped with a gentleman whose name was not Nicholas Croxthead. Nicholas was severely hurt by her conduct, and was missing for a day or two. The eloper was missing for a longer period, for he disappeared one evening, and was never heard of afterwards. Mrs. Nick found herself on board an outward-bound West Indiaman with a gag in her mouth, (and an assurance from a voice which whispered it gruffly in her ear that 'if she was ever seen in England again something unpleasant would be sure to happen to her.' She never was seen in England again."

"Nick varied his mode of living after his wife set sail. He kicked all his female servants out of doors, and admitted none but males into his house. His housekeeper was an old sailor with one arm and a wooden leg; his cook was a black man, and his groom of the chambers and washerwoman, I was about to call him, was a sort of Lascar. All of those odd-looking domestics could talk a variety of lingoes, and so could their master."

"The company he entertained at his house was a different sort too. You never saw a countryman at his table, except it might be a little farmer or a tradesman from the neighbouring town. His guests were all Londoners or foreigners, and there were said to be strange doings in his house: gambling and drinking all night, quarrels and fighting, and sometimes wounds given and received, but not from a plain English fist. The knife was used, and the report of a pistol, followed by a deep groan, was sometimes heard. His house got a bad name in the country, and no one cared to pass near it after sunset, or before cock-crow in the morning."



"Shortly after these sad doings began, Nick's money became scarcer, and he who never owed any one a penny was over head and ears in debt. The consequence was that he was dunned and tormented for money due from all quarters, and at last served with writs and law proceedings. He was very civil to the officers at first, and entertained them handsomely at his table, indeed so handsomely, that they never left his house sober, and were surprised on the following morning to find themselves at home, with nothing to show their employers as the result of their visit to the defendant, but the writs they had carried with them, and which were invariably restored to them lest they should complain of having been robbed.

"It was not likely that such sharp practitioners as bailiffs' followers, and sheriffs' officers, would put up with such sort of treatment long; so one day, the sharpest officer of the lot, made up his mind to seize Nick's person and convey him to gaol if he did not pay the demand which he had against him. His brother-officers anxiously waited the result of the application. Well, Big Tom, as he was called, went in his shay-cart with his follower, a bigger and stronger man than himself, and asked to see Nick. He was shown into the room, without any hesitation, in which Nick was sitting alone at his dinner. Big Tom took care to have his follower admitted at the same time, to which the black cook, who had let him in, made no objection. Nick was as polite as ever, and asked the officer and his man to sit down and drink with him. Both of them refused, and Tom showing his bit of parchment tapped him on the shoulder, and told him he was his prisoner, unless he could pay 350l. the amount of his claim against him.

"Nick made no resistance but read the document carefully, and when he had done so, said in the civillest manner possible, that he was not sure that he had so much money by him, but would examine his writing-desk and ascertain. He called for his desk, and when it was brought to him, he begged of Tom and his follower to be seated while he counted a bundle of notes which he had taken from his desk. They did so, one on each side of him for fear he should give them the slip. They had not been seated many minutes before their legs were seized by Nick's men, who were concealed beneath the table-cloth. They were pulled under the table, their arms and legs tied securely, and then dragged out and seated in their chairs again. Nick looked first at the master and then at the man, and bursting into a loud laugh, in which he was joined, by his servants and friends, told them that among all his faults he had never been guilty of a want of hospitality, and that he never allowed a visitor to quit his house without having eaten and drank in it. The officer swore he would not taste a mouthful of any thing, and the man swore ditto to his master.

"Nick said nothing, but cut the writ in two, precisely in the middle, rubbed a little butter over the parchment, and with the aid of his allies forced Tom and his man to swallow each one half the warrant. They resisted, but it was in vain against numbers as strong as themselves. When the writ was fairly served, a funnel was placed in each of their mouths, and a bottle of strong rum poured down their throats. They were then tied back to back, and placed in the shay-cart—the reins were cut, and the blinkers taken from the eyes of the horse, which set off with them at a fearful gallop, and did not stop until it fell from sheer exhaustion. Tom and his man were found lying in the road sadly bruised, and in a state of incipient apoplexy, from the strength of the rum and the excess of their fright. Nothing would ever induce either of them to attempt the capture of Nick Croxthead again.

"I could narrate many stories of the way in which Nick evaded the laws of debtor and creditor, but it would only weary you—suffice it to say, he was never taken to prison, though he had two or three narrow escapes. As to other matters, he was always in trouble about poaching, horse-dealing, or smuggling; and many a hard fight, ay, and fight, too, had he to get out of his difficulties; but he always succeeded in escaping, and was at last so much feared, that no man, unless well-supported, would venture to attempt to put the law in force against him.

"But I must now tell you what I heard while I listened at the door of the room in which Nick, for the first time to my knowledge, was sitting with my father.

"What brings you to the Ness, and on such a night? It must be something more than usual that would induce you to quit the farm, and cross the sands in such a tide and fog as this, at the risk of your life?" said my father.

"Jabez Buntline, fill me a large tumbler with sheer spirit, for I am nearly chilled with the fog, and have had to swim for my life. My horse, poor thing, is, I fear, drowned and food for fishes, and how I escaped I cannot tell."

"I heard the spirits poured into the glass, and I heard a peculiar sound which convinced me that Nick had drained it at a draught.

"Now," said he, "listen. I had promised a friend of mine to send him a supply of game. I knew that my worthy brother-in-law's coverts were well furnished, and as he has not been very liberal to me of late, I resolved to take what he seemed so unwilling to give. We went, and to make a long story short we were taken; for one of my scoundrels—a wretch, whose life I saved, and who has lived on my bounty for years—betrayed me for a heavy bribe. Curse him! never let him cross my path again."

"I could hear him grind his teeth as he said this.

"Well; resistance was useless, but I have resolved never to be shut up in a prison, so I resorted to stratagem. When we were carried up to the house of the nearest magistrate—for they were afraid to convey us across the country to the gaol in the night, lest my myrmidons, as they call the honest fellows who see me righted, should rescue me—I was separated from the rest of my gang, and locked up with two stout men in the butler's pantry, the doors and windows of which were barred and strongly fastened to secure the plate and other family valuables. I was quiet for a time, and then was seized with a sudden illness which terminated in a violent fit. My struggles were so frightful, and I grew so black in the face, that one of my keepers opened the door, and bawled loudly for help. The other was so frightened, that bound as I was I could have knocked both of them down and escaped, but I had a safer plan than that. The fellow's cries brought the magistrate and all his party whom he was entertaining at his table in gratitude for my capture. They found me foaming at the mouth, and my eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets. My struggles were so violent that it took four strong men to hold me down. I had learned to counterfeit fits in my early days. They were so frightened that they sent for the doctor. He came, felt my pulse, and examined my tongue. He unbound my hands and ordered me to be carried to bed immediately. This was no joke to my bearers, for I managed to bite, scratch or kick them all. Glad enough they were when the doctor, my friend Tobias Snolter, told them to cover me up with the bed-clothes and hold me tightly down.

"Suddenly the nature of my fit changed, and I fell into a quiescent state.

Toby Snolter put up his lancet which he was about to plunge into my arm, and told the people that I must be left alone with him and quite quiet, or he would not be responsible for my life. He ordered a book, and some brandy-and-water for himself, and said he would sit up to watch me. We were left alone, after a little demurring on the part of the magistrate, and had two or three jolly glasses together—for poor Snolter owes all he has in the world to me—and a score of jolly laughs at our entertainer's expense. As soon as all was quiet, I tied Toby Snolter tightly to the bedpost, gagged him comfortably to himself, and leapt out of the window, which had been thrown open to give fresh air to the paralytic patient. I sought my own stables, mounted my horse, and by a wonderful escape, here I am."

"And in safety," said my father. "The signal shall be given in the morning, and let any one catch you who can."

"I had heard all I wished to hear, and crept into bed. In the morning I was up before dawn, and was ordered by my father, who had sat up with his guest until he could turn in in safety, to give a hint to the Ness men, that a refugee had arrived in the island, and to keep a sharp look out.

"Our plan is a very simple one, but not the less effective on that account. The island is as a plate, the raised rim of which will represent our sea-wall. Shepherds and farming men are spread over its surface in their daily occupations. If a stranger is seen approaching over the sands or by boat, a crook, a hoe, a rake, or any other implement of husbandry is held up high in the air; the signal is passed from one to the other, and in less than five minutes every body is on the alert; the pursued person is easily stowed away in some barn or out-building, until the search is over, or if he is found out, easily rescued by some little band, who seldom leave the captors until they have given them a lesson which teaches them the sore consequences of venturing into the Ness.

"I had not long returned to my home, ere news was brought that a strong body of cavalry was riding over the sands. This was a new foe to us, and we were perplexed about it, though determined to fight, if needful, for the rights of our asylum, and not give up a man who had thrown himself upon our protection. When Nick Croxthead was informed of the approach of the soldiers, he was resolved not to get us into a scrape; but said that if any one would put him off in a boat as far as the Spit, he should be safe, as he had a vessel lying there that would take him on board, and set sail at once for the coast of Holland. I volunteered to do so, and in five minutes we were afloat, and half-way to the Spit before the soldiers reached this house, with Toby Snolter at their head, vowing vengeance against Nick for his scurvy treatment of him.

"Nick rewarded me with a handsome gold ring when I had put him aboard a little schooner, and I lost sight of him, and so did every body else for years. His creditors seized his goods, and the farm-house was left to run to ruin as it chose. Suddenly Nick returned, as brown as if he had been living beneath a vertical sun. He was wealthy too; paid every body every thing that was due to them, repaired the farm-house, and lived very quietly. How he got rid of some of the law matters, I cannot say; but we know that money will do wonders.

"By degrees Nick got to his old tricks again—"

"And yet," said I, "you learned to love the man, for so you told me."

"Stranger," said mine host, "I told you truly, for he saved my father from ruin, was the friend of the otherwise friendless, and suffered no man to be oppressed because he was poor; moreover, he gave me that excellent gun."

"Go on," said I, "the plea is a good one."

"Well, as I have said, Nick got to his old tricks again, smuggling and all, and worse than all, gaming and drinking with the old set, furnished up with some new ones, not a whit better than the old. The same consequences followed. He got into all sorts of scrapes and difficulties, and finally over head and ears in debt again. Instead of resisting his creditors, and insulting them, he expressed deep contrition for his folly, dismissed his gambling friends, and offered to sell every thing to pay his debts as far as his assets would allow him. He would have done so, I have no doubt, had he not been taken seriously ill and died—under the care of his grieving friend Toby Snolter, who said that his patient died in the course of nature, though every body else said it was in the course of medicine.

"I, and many other of his friends, saw poor Old Nick in his coffin, and the old women and children, though he had been a good friend to them, were glad when they heard we had seen him safely screwed down. He had indeed caused them no little terror by getting their husbands, fathers and sons into scrapes in his rescues—there's no denying it. They were afraid of him, and glad he was gone. We saw him buried, and I for one shed real tears over his grave, and shortly after over my father's too, who, I verily believe, got killed merely to keep Old Nick company, he was so grateful to him for all he had done for him.

"I succeeded to 'The Fish,' and to my father's business, and had not the less custom, because I could tell some true tales of the dear departed Nick Croxthead, and show the little dear kill-devil there that he gave me. Many a stranger has, like yourself, come to visit me merely to hear me talk of Old Nick, and see me shoot fowl with his namesake. It's been a little fortune to me has that gun.

"Well; I went on prosperous for two years, and enjoyed myself, especially in fowling. One evening I came home earlier than usual, without waiting for flight-time, for I was tired, and had had good sport during the day. I gave the birds to my wife, and took Old Nick there—the piece I mean—into the little back-house to clean and oil her. While I was busy with the lock, I heard a tap at the window. I called out to know who it was.

"Nick, you ignoramus," replied the same voice, in the same words as I had heard some years before.

"What do you want?"

"I want Jabez Buntline."

"I—I—I—am—he," said I, trembling. "What do you want with him?"

"I want to borrow the gun I gave him; its just flight, and the fowl are as thick as hail."

"I heard the voice of Nick Croxthead—for there was no mistaking it, but I believed it to be the devil's, for I knew that Nick was dead, screwed down, and buried, leaving many mourners besides his unpaid creditors behind him; so I swung the butt end of the gun round at the window, smashed the lattice-work out, and knocked down somebody. I heard a deep curse or two, and before I could look out to see who it was that doubled Old Nick so well, a burly body forced itself through the window-frame, and the gray-hair, bushy whiskers, slit nose, and missing teeth, convinced me that Nick's ghost stood before me. I fell flat upon my face.

"Lend me the gun, you fool, and don't lay floundering there; the fowl will be on wing in a moment."

"Take it, and rid me of your presence," said I, believing it was Nick's ghost—but it was Nick himself. He returned in less than an hour with his



gun, and a score of widgeon and ducks, and Toby Snolter. We had a private room, and there I was let into the secret of Nick's sham death and burial. Toby, it seems, was a dab at making casts of countenances, and had taken Old Nick's to the life—or rather to the death. We had a very pleasant night—very. But fill up, and have one more glass, and then to bed."

"But, mine host, what became of Old Nick eventually?" I asked.

"Pay ready money and ask no questions," was all the further information I could obtain about NICK CROXTED. THE LAW-EVADER.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

#### CHAP. XII.

Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer;—all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheap-side shall my palfrey go to grass. SHAKESPEARE.

Is't Cade that I have slain, that murderous traitor?  
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed.

1810.

Behold us now, *prisoners at large*, in a British ship of war, at a British anchorage, and surrounded by British vessels! When our first consternation was over, and we could talk coolly on the matter, we felt inclined to laugh at what we considered to be the absurdity of the case, although we could not help admitting, that if our view of it was correct, many a brave fellow would have bitterly rue that he had ever adventured on so wild a break-out. We, therefore, resolved to watch the signs of the times, and meanwhile to give no umbrage to these self-constituted authorities, who, in the plenitude of a temporary power, without a guiding mind, might wreak their vengeance upon us;—we agreed simply to take notes of all that passed, and compare with each other at every safe opportunity; not doubting that the insurrection would be speedily put down, and that we should be called upon, perhaps, under the melancholy circumstances of witnesses, against some of the gallant, hardy, but misled fellows, who now headed the affair in the several ships at Spithead. "Ah, you shall see now," said Binnacle, the first lieutenant, "that one of the first things these fellows will think of, will be to sweat the purser."—"Commissary," said he to the purser, "you will want an indemnity from your affectionate friends," else there will be a glorious impress on your personal pay, my boy."

"I do not think so," replied I, "there appeared a calm resolution in the tone and manner of those men, to day, which not only bespeaks a purpose long and fully matured, but which assures the intention to go through with it, or perish. The simultaneous movement so well—I must say the word—so well executed, is proof that it is no hasty conviction, and that there are steersmen at the helm, who know how to guide the vessel. Our only hopes, in my opinion, are, that there are too many of them engaged in the matter, for a good understanding to continue any length of time, and that fleets will come round here, before they can carry their scheme to a result."

"Well, we shall see," rejoined Binnacle, "but what think you of their claims, Capt. R.?"—These wild demands can never be received at the Admiralty,—they will never condescend to treat with ignorant men in a state of rebellion."

"We had better not agitate that question just now, Binnacle;—our heads are in the lion's mouth, and if walls have ears, as the proverb says, much more likely are bulk-heads, in the time of commotion.—Therefore leave all this to a safer opportunity."

But there was no need of such precaution.—The delegates sent to *request leave* to speak to me; I went upon deck, and was informed, in the most respectful manner, that I should find the quarter deck perfectly clear, for myself and my officers, whenever we should think proper to use it; that the strictest order was enforced in the ship, and that any one who should endeavour to violate the respect with which it was their duty to treat us, would be most severely punished. We were requested to use no ceremony in using our writing materials, as the conduct of the present affair would admit the severest scrutiny, and feared neither misrepresentation, nor description; any thing we wrote, should be carefully forwarded to the shore, at our pleasure; but papers, of every kind brought on board, would necessarily be scrutinized. Upon two points, only, we were warned and advised;—not to attempt any authority, in the present state of affairs, and to beware how we ventured to tamper, in the least, with man or boy.

I confess, I was thunderstruck. Here was sagacity, foresight, moderation, firmness, and respect, exhibited by the rudest of nature's children. I looked around me,—every man was sober, clean, attentive to the duties of the ship, *unusually silent* and grave, but neither sullen nor malicious in aspect.—The hour of dinner had arrived, and past; every thing been conducted by the purser's steward, and the petty officers, after the usual forms,—but no grog was served. Sobriety was the rigid order of the times. They took the allowance of the afternoon,—sent down top-gallant yards in the evening,—piped down the hammocks, and set the *entire watch*. A sentinel was placed at my door, as usual, being a precaution, both in my favour, and in that of the new discipline; another was placed at the door of the gun-room passage, so that communication was effectually cut off between us and the people.

Day after day passed on, and we still perceived the same round of duties carefully performed, and not the slightest tendency to disorder. Boats went and came, without a man being intoxicated, or a traitor to the seaman's cause absconding,—the red flag still flew at every gaff, but there was no assumption of dignity or honors; we were aware that negotiations were opened, but the extent of the demands did not reach our ears, nor was there any talk concerning the reply to them.

The time at length began to hang heavy on our hands, and as I found my journal was not likely to prove very interesting, either on public or private account, I resolved to go on shore; seeing that things were so well ordered in the ship, that I had nothing to fear for my property on board, nor was there now any expectation of seeing things restored to their former state of authority, until something should be done to redress the grievances. I, therefore, stated to Binnacle, the intention of putting myself under the admiral's orders, and recommended to him to stay on board, if he could reconcile himself to a longer privation; advising him, at the same time, if he did so, to continue the same prudent line of conduct, which we had hitherto adopted. In this he acquiesced; and I then applied myself to the delegates on board, informing them of my intention to go on shore, until these unhappy defections should be brought to a close. The men expressed the most unfeigned regret at my resolution, and even intreated me to think again upon it.

"You are free to go, Capt. R.," said the gunner's mate, "at any moment you

\*The navy board used to subscribe their letters, "your affectionate friends."—Eo.

may think proper; and go when you will, you will take with you the good-will of every man in the Garland. Come what may, in this here business, we shall never forget how you have lived among us, whilst you staid on board. But we hope soon to obey your honor's orders again; and mayhap you had better keep upon your own quarter-deck till time comes about, and the tide turns."

"No," replied I. "For some time I conceived it my duty to stand by the ship at every hazard; but this has continued so long, that I rather look upon myself as skulking, than acting. I have your promise to allow of my going, and I now require the performance. I think my duty calls me elsewhere, now. I am bound not to speak to you on the present state of affairs, but let me hope, that in better times, you will endeavour to forget that the present times ever existed."

"God bless your honour," returned the man, "I also am bound not to patter upon these here concerns; but I may, at any rate, say, they are not so far to fetch, as two points to windward; and I'm sure none of us would wish to sail under a better officer than your honor."

"There again you are mistaken, my good man;—should peace and subordination again take place in the fleet, and I were to resume my command, I fear, that neither could I forget the situation in which myself and officers have been placed, nor could you, entirely, forget that you have had power over us. We do not know our-elves, and it would be better for us all, that we never stand again in our former relative positions. You will please to call a boat for me; and when I go over the side, it will be with the determination, on my part, never to enter her again as her commander. But you will have my best wishes, and my hopes, that when you return to your duties, you will never again swerve from the colors under which a Briton should fight, nor array yourselves against the man, who commands but for general and individual advantage."

Our conversation had not been so short, but it had given time to give circulation to the news, that "the Captain was going on shore;" and gradually they increased near the gang-way, in a sort of crowd. The spokesman appeared affected; and, in truth, so was I. I took a turn or two along the deck, whilst a boat was procured, and my things were brought up from my cabin. In passing I heard one of the seamen whisper to another—

"D—n my eyes, Jim, they say he was always a good fellow, and a seaman's friend."

"Let's give him a cheer, as he shoves off," said the other, "he has been true as the compass, and never tried the come-over."

"With all my heart,—pass the word, and d—n me but old Junks shall pipe the side, and he shall go over as our skipper should do?"

Presently the shore boat came alongside; my traps were put in, and the delegates brought my sword, which they presented to me, hat in hand. The boatswain piped the side, and instantly every man was uncovered. My dignity was fairly upset at this spontaneous mark of respect;—I breathed thick, and the tears stood in my eyes. As I reached the uppermost step of the gangway ladder, I turned round, and, taking off my hat, I said aloud:

"Farewell, men:—I must not say what I would, but—remember you are British seamen, and are considered to be the bulwark of the nation,—never disgrace the nation that gave you birth, nor the service which is the noblest in the world."

Three tremendous cheers followed hard upon my brief address, whilst I sunk into the stern-sheets of the boat, overcome by my feelings. Again I heard the boatswain's pipe, which called in the sides-men, and I was on my way from my first command, briefly performed, and disastrously finished. As we proceeded towards the shore, I could not help remarking the extraordinary appearance of the vessels at Spithead. It was more singular as viewed from the boat, than as I had seen it from the Garland. Never did shipping exhibit so fine an appearance—the sides were all clean, the sails furled, after the neatest and most seaman-like fashion,—the yards all squared, by the lifts and braces, after the most *martinet* style,—the hammocks stowed with the closest precision,—every block put out of sight, as far as the rigging would admit of it;—but the distinguishing feature of the scene,—the blood-red flag was spread out to the breeze, blighting the fair prospect which otherwise was enough to stir the blood in every seaman's heart.

As soon as I had taken possession of quarters at the Crown Hotel, I went to report myself to the Admiral, and arrived at his house at the very time that the first Lord of the Admiralty, together with a commission appointed for the purpose, were in consultation there, upon this most important affair. My appearance was hailed both with satisfaction and surprise. I was introduced to the members of the commission, and a long string of queries immediately followed. I had little, however, to communicate, and that little was but corroboration of the well-laid plan of the *mutiny*—for this was now the name of the out-breaking. In all the fleet the same orderly, sober, honest, and respectful conduct had been observable; it actually was a kind of moral miracle, that a class of men, whose principal characteristic was want of stability, and liability to temptation, should have been, not only able to make, but decided enough to persevere, in habits so foreign to those which were ordinarily theirs.

All these things argued feelings which had been sorely tried, and it was now become evident to the government that something must be done. I was therefore next questioned as to my opinions with respect to the claims of the insurgents. Here I professed myself, and with truth, to be ignorant; for, although I could, from experience, guess the nature of the demands they could with most propriety make, yet I had never yet heard what they actually were; so closely had it been guarded from my knowledge whilst on board.

A printed copy was then handed to me; and if I was astonished at the conduct of these seamen afloat, I was abundantly more so, upon perusing the list of grievances which I now read for the first time.

After setting forth the hardships incidental to the service, which they were allowed to have at all times borne with spirit and patience, the paper pointed out, in strong terms, the additional hardships arising from bad provisions and water, bad supplies of slop-stores, bad medical and surgical attendance, and the bad mode of administering such of those things as were actually to be had. It complained of the very inadequate rate of pay for the service rendered,—of the liability to be absent for years, during which not one farthing was received on account; so that such of them as had families might be obliged to leave them in a starving state at home, and be themselves at the mercy of the purser on board, who generally took care to abstract all their poor earnings, to pay for articles hardly worthy of the purchase, and not unfrequently for such as they had never had at all. It remonstrated against the state of discipline in the service, in which men were liable to be punished at the caprice of ill-disposed superiors, and that besides the fate of war, they had to sustain themselves under the tyranny of ill-minded officers. They concluded with asserting their loyalty to their king and country, that they had taken this step with deliberation, and were determined to prosecute their wishes to an issue, but that they harbored not a thought of being false to their colours, or grinding upon the face



of the laws under which they lived; and that even under the present distractions, if any thing required them to face the enemy, they would get up their anchors, and defend the institutions under which they lived;—but, that without an absolute necessity, they were determined never to lift or allow to be lifted, an anchor in that roadstead, until these, their fair demands, were inquired into, and their grievances redressed.

The more I considered this extraordinary document, and compared it with what I had seen, the more I was struck with the reasonableness of the demands, and the certainty that they had taken the most proper steps to insure the acquiescence of the government. Hostilities with the Dutch were continually expected. It was well known that the Admiral, De Winter, had a powerful force under his command, and that his nation was not to be despised on the seas. From the order and perseverance of the fleet at Spithead, it was to be dreaded that disorganization had spread over to other parts of the fleet, and there was no knowing how far exasperation might carry them. On the other hand there was the dread of a popular victory. The multitude are precisely the people who cannot say "hitherto will I go, and no farther;" on the contrary, a partial success intoxicates them too frequently; and that which begins in reason and justice, is often continued in the madness of success. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to negotiate with the delegates; and with a wisdom which the British Government have not often shown in popular questions,\*

\* It must be remembered that this was written above 25 years ago.—Ed. they created a commission to take up the matter upon its merits, into which they were to search by every means in their power, and to make such concessions as should be found proper for the restoration of confidence on the part of the seamen, and as should be necessary for duly providing for the comfort and convenience of this useful and gallant body of men. They had made considerable progress in these deliberations when I came on shore, and had evinced a desire to put things upon a more equitable footing; yet until something specific was decided, the crews relaxed not the slightest of their self-imposed discipline, which, after all, might only end in their betrayal.

The commission, as I have said, took the matter up dispassionately, and with a sincere view to ameliorate the condition of a most important body of men, as well as to avert a calamity of an awful aspect. Their deliberations and examinations, therefore, were carried on with great industry,—concession after concession was made, and that the more readily, because they found, that, contrary to the usual course of popular tumults it was not found that success made the delegates increase in their demands. The whole proceeding was conducted in moderation, good-sense, modesty, and firmness, to a final issue; when, the principal points of grievance being conceded, some inferior matter waived on the one side, and a few additional comforts voluntarily added on the other, the result was made public, and with one voice and motion, every man returned to his duty. Once again the British flag took the place of the dreadful red, and not a man was marked for punishment on account of the part he took in the affair.

The principal improvements which took place in the service through this mutiny—for so in strict legal phrase I must continue to term it—were the following:—That the crews of vessels on distant foreign stations should have opportunity of being paid, through the medium of commissioners; thus enabling them to increase their private comforts, by purchases at favorable opportunities;—that seamen should have the privilege of allotting nearly the half of their personal pay to their parents, wives, or children, upon duly authenticated certificates that the persons in whose favour the allotments were made out, were *bona fide* the persons described, and in the case of the children, that they were unable to maintain themselves. I omitted before, in the list of grievances, to mention, that ships not unfrequently came into port, and went out again, and that repeatedly, without any payment being made to the crews, notwithstanding there was probably abundance both of time and opportunity to do so. It was now established that any ship coming into a port where there should be a commissioner, if she had been commissioned more than six months, or if it were more than six months since the last payment of wages, should be paid all arrears except six months; unless the exigencies of the service might require her immediate departure for sea again. The purser's department underwent a complete reform; the most rigid measures being enforced to prevent fraud on the part of that officer, against the uncalculating and credulous seamen. All his accounts had to come before his commander, and were to be transmitted to the navy office at stated short intervals if possible, or as soon afterwards as opportunities would permit. Vouchers were required from him for all he bought, sold, issued, or delivered. Upon representation in respectful terms to the commanding officer, on the subject of damaged provisions, all such were to be put aside for survey at proper opportunities, and with respect to such as were issued, they were to be under the supervision of the purser or his steward, a master's mate, captain of the fore-castle, quarter-master, and a boat-swain's mate; thus insuring justice, as to quantity and quality, to both sides of the question. Delinquents in petty offences were not to be kept long in irons, but punishment was to take place with all convenient speed, before all the ship's company, the articles of war being previously read, against which the offence was committed, the offence itself and its punishment to be entered in the log-book of every officer whose duty it was to keep one;—the vexatious custom of petty officers striking the people, in the insolence of office, was forbidden, or at least discouraged. The accommodation both in messing and sleeping was greatly improved;—greater attention was paid to the quality of water, and more indulgence as to its issue; the details as to the proportion and days of the different species of provisions, was regulated in a more satisfactory manner. In short a thousand small matters, each in itself perhaps almost insignificant, but the union of which, formed a most important whole in the comforts of these poor tars, were put upon a better footing, and a great and admirable change took place in the discipline and state of the British navy.

I have been thus particular, my dear Harvey, upon the subject of the mutiny at Spithead, because, in my estimation, it was one of the most remarkable circumstances, that ever took place in the history of mankind. From whom did it originate? From a class of people notoriously ignorant, unsettled, careless,—a body whom we should ordinarily consider incapable of concocting a plot on a large scale, as altogether unable to define the exact limits of their wishes, and to keep strictly within them. Who would believe such persons competent to manage an extensive correspondence on such a subject; to arrange plans,—to preserve security,—to act in concert,—and, above all, to avoid excess, and abuse of power! Again, to be able to evince that their stand was not in rebellion, but in justice; that the love of their country, and loyalty to their sovereign, were sentiments, the existence of which in their bosoms, they were zealous to maintain; and that, contrary to the usual effects of storms, whether physical or moral, when their fair and honest point was gained, and they returned to their duty, there was no agitation, or swell, upon the surrounding surface, to give token that such a storm had ever existed in the place.

It is also worthy of remark, that the British ministry, upon this occasion, shewed greater wisdom and discrimination, than is usually ascribed to them in cases of broils and commotions. It is well known that concessions to multitudes, too hastily granted, are dangerous things; and hence the fault runs too frequently the other way;—a settled obstinacy against what they are pleased to call clamorous demands, is generally the conduct they adopt, and sometimes, with most disastrous effects. Of this, their conduct towards their late colonies, was a striking proof. Perhaps something of this kind might be in their recollection; and helped their judgment, which nevertheless must have been sufficiently awakened, in perceiving the soul that animated the insurgents, and the unanimity with which they followed up their purpose.

Be this as it might,—that which was demanded in justice, was granted in equity, and I believe was one of the most salutary steps that ever was taken. The people of England were only just recovering from the baneful feelings by which they had been affected through the examples of anarchy in France, and a confidence in government was established by this graceful attention to the people's wants, which a thousand proclamations could not have produced, nor could a thousand punishments have aided.

It was a glorious sight, because a decorous one, to see the fleet riding at their moorings with the national flag restored. No noisy demonstrations of rejoicing, no firing of guns, nor decorations with flags and streamers, no manning of yards, nor deafening shouts as of victory. Commanders and officers went on board of their respective ships, and the utmost despatch was used in fitting, victualling, and storing for sea. The enemy was expected, and there was an universal feeling of desire openly manifested, to wipe off the stigma, if such it could be called, of having been found in collision with duty. Many changes were made in the commands, from the causes which I have stated as actuating my own determination. For my own part, after having received the thanks of the commission through the noble chairman, for the resolution which he was pleased to say I had shown in remaining on board, under such hazardous circumstances, I was informed that my conduct should be properly represented, and would doubtless be duly considered. I had declined going on board the *Garland* again, and at this crisis there was not, as it happened, another vacancy. I therefore remained on shore, with a half assurance that I might expect the ordinary routine of service to be set aside in my favor, and that it was not improbable that I might shortly receive post rank, though it might not be accompanied with immediate command.

I made suitable acknowledgments for this compliment, in which I had the more reason to confide because it was made in too public a manner to fall to the ground. In fact my promotion was gazetted in less than a fortnight,—having been effected by an order in council; and I received, as is usual when no command is intended, an appointment to a frigate upon the stocks.

Would to heaven this were all that I had to recount under the head of naval mutiny at this period. Unfortunately much worse remains yet untold. The winds which had swept over Spithead without leaving either wreck or disease, seemed to have gathered noxious vapours as they sped on their course, and by the time they reached the Nore, they were surcharged with mischief, and danger. A mutiny broke out at this latter place replete with baneful character and effects.

It must be borne in mind that the feeling which had caused the affair at Spithead was a general one through the service; but it was confidently expected, that the prompt compliance with fair demands would have the effect of allaying the excitements in every direction, as soon as the intelligence should reach. In the present case it failed; there were unfortunate spirits of another description, and abilities of a different calibre among the mutineers at the Nore. Far from feeling satisfied with the late proceedings, and admitting that these wrongs had been righted, the ringleaders on the present occasion considered that there had but been a victory obtained over their oppressors, and determined to pursue the fortunate career which had been commenced. They also chose delegates to conduct their affairs, and to procure compliance with their demands, which now assumed a most extravagant form. They chose for their president, one *Parker*, who was captain of the fore-castle in the *Sandwich*. This man was certainly above the ordinary class of seamen. He had received a good education, was of a stirring, factious, intriguing disposition, and had acquired an extraordinary influence, first in his own ship, and afterwards among the delegates;—in short he was a mere demagogue of the old leaven, who, under the plea of public good, was seeking, and that diligently, his own aggrandizement, or, at least, emolument.

It would be useless to detail the demands made by these madmen,—they were entirely out of reason or justice, but the steps taken to ensure compliance, were in keeping with the rest of their determination. *Parker*, who assumed the title of admiral, ordered that no vessel of war should shift her ground without his permission, on pain of being fired into by the rest of the squadron; that all merchantmen bound up the Thames should be boarded, and whatever should be found therein necessary for the fleet was to be taken out, giving the master an acknowledgment for all that was taken; and the *British Government*, it was pretended, would ultimately make good the value. In conformity with this last order, the most licentious violence was committed on board of vessels; robbery on a large scale ensued, accompanied with insult, and not unfrequently injury in every form. Instances are on record of atrocities which I cannot suffer my pen to repeat but which so far from having the effect of bringing the ministry to submission, produced only a more vigorous resolution to withstand all demands made by those misguided men and to bring them by force to subjection. In this the Government was confirmed by the unanimous voice of the nation, which, shocked by the daily account of the gross outrages committed by the mutineers, became anxious only for their reduction, and the punishment of the offenders.

One of the first proceedings on board the ships was to turn the officers ashore, which was done in the most insulting and opprobrious manner; the next was to take possession of their wines and stock, with which the delegates of the several ships made merry, passing from ship to ship in great state, and imitating, as well as they were able, the customs of their superiors; the latter, however, in great caricature, and always ending in excesses and abuses. *Parker* saw all this, and expected that from such tools a master-spirit like his might extract great advantages. He had not, however, experience with his enterprise. He was not aware that great talents will not suffice to make that right which is radically wrong, nor will private force always be enough, to overturn the institutions of a nation.

But this course of things could not last; it carried in itself, plainly, the seeds of destruction. The very conspirators began to grow at once disgusted and disheartened, at the protracted opposition, and at the little probability that was exhibited, of a better state of affairs. At length, one of the seventy-fours, in absolute defiance of the prohibition, shipped her cables, and stood out. The rest of the squadron blazed away at her, with might and main, but without do-



ing her any material damage; and they durst not get under way, to pursue her, as jealousy of the motive might cause a break up of the confederacy. At the same time, a strong squadron was coming up the channel, to force them to submission; and now perceiving that their attempt was utterly futile, each began to save himself by giving up his confederate.

With a well-timed policy, the government resolved not to punish the offending, to any very great extent. They contented themselves with making one or two signal examples. *Admiral Parker* was given up and brought to trial; the proofs were strong against him, and there was little, if anything, to urge in palliation of his offences. He was sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm of the ship, to which he belonged—the *Sandwich*,—and his sentence was executed with every feature of solemnity. The fleet was brought into close order, at the Great Nore anchorage, with the *Sandwich* in the midst; the crews of each vessel were mustered on their several decks, a short time previous to the appointed awful moment; a certain number from each ship were sent on board the *Sandwich*, to man the whip, or rope, by which the unhappy criminal was to be suspended. On board the *Sandwich*, a platform was projected, at the bow of the ship, for the delinquent to have the last office performed for him, that, namely, of pinioning his arms, and drawing over his head the slip-noose, at the end of the whip; about two feet above which noose, was a toggle, or bit of wood, thrust through the strands of the line, to prevent the rope from running through the block under the yard-arm, any farther than the place where it was inserted. The several chaplains, in the fleet, read prayers for the departing sinner; the bells of the different ships tolled most lugubriously. At length, a gun was fired, immediately under the platform where the prisoner was standing. All was hid by the smoke, but when it cleared away, the unhappy wretch was seen suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle to his surviving comrades; and an awful warning to all, not lightly to array themselves against the laws of their land, nor, on any account, to violate those of society.

Many have been the unfortunate beings who have terminated their career at the yard-arm, to atone for their offences against the laws of their country, both before the time of *Parker*, and since; but it may safely be averred, that never was a more awful effect produced, than upon that occasion. The insolence of mutiny had subsided, and the consequences of such acts had already begun to work in the secret souls of the misguided men who now witnessed the scene;—but the sight itself, with the consciousness of their own errors, and the appalling feeling that they were called upon that day, all to see, and many of them to take part in the active duty of putting a comrade to a death which was their own desert, struck terror upon every heart.

This was the termination of the mutiny at the Nore, and from thenceforth, there has been nothing of any important nature, to disturb the internal tranquillity of the navy. It has been daily receiving improvements and emendations, from that time to the present, and bids fair to stand as high in the economy of its comforts, as it has long stood in its character for prowess. If it can have a rival, it will be a scion of its own stock;—even that of your own country, my dear Harvey, which is evidently destined to take a high place among the commercial nations of the earth, and must, therefore, have its complement of wooden walls. I could not bear to think that we are ever to succumb to any naval superiority; but supposing such to be the case, I can fancy less degradation in being obliged to bend to free America, the descendants and pupils of ourselves, than to any other state in the world.

But to return,—and close this long passage with which I have pestered you. The offending fleets had soon an opportunity of wiping off their shame. *Duncan* met *De Winter* off Camperdown, and the British flag was triumphant; a splendid victory was obtained over the Dutch fleet;—every Englishman “did his duty,” and no more was it remembered against him, that he had been a mutineer. His character was purified, his stains were washed out.

#### GEMS FROM A NEW MINE.

Sept. 14, 1844.

Dear Sir,—It is very seldom I invade the sanctity of an Editor's Holy of Holies even where I have a permit, and this is the first time I ever pushed myself neck and heels in without even knocking. But through the medium of your valued print I have become so familiarized I dare this once; so please hand me a chair while I hand for your perusal the enclosed. First let me explain somewhat.

The three little pieces I have written out are from the pen and brain of a valued female friend—who has not one!—and not from my own, except that it is my *Copy*. No,—I regret to say that though I was born at the foot of *Parnassus* I have never reached an inch nearer the summit than when I lay gazing towards its top in my nurse's arms. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, &c.

How I became possessed of these boots not—it was honestly done. I have quantities more from which these were promiscuously taken, and which if you prove a good appetizer may now and then fall into your hands. The Author of these knows nothing of my sending them to you—I take the sole responsibility. If they appear, well: if not they will have lost no value to me. I may be permitted to think them well conceived and prettily executed. Should they be lain aside, I trust it will be so carefully done that they may be recovered. I may say, however, I know of no other medium through which I would allow them to meet the public—so much for your sheet and them.

Some hint of their fate will of course appear in your next.—With great respect,  
I am yours,

#### THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

The shades had dimmed each silent nook;  
With gentlest sigh, the whispering brook,  
Rippled, in peace, away;

When from her star-bower, pure and bright,  
Came forth the Spirit of the Night;  
And thus she breathed her lay.

Sleep, Infant, sleep! thy Mother's arm  
Shall pillow thee with care:  
And Angels o'er thee vigils keep,  
In answer to her prayer.

Sleep, Maiden, sleep! and fondly dream  
Of bliss thou ne'er shalt know:  
Too soon, alas! thy cup will taste  
Life's bitterness, and woe.

Sleep, young Man, sleep! the cares of Life  
Are shading o'er thy brow:  
A few sad years of strife and pain,  
Thine earnest heart will bow.

Sleep, Mother, sleep! thine anxious care  
Can never drive away,  
The threat'ning ills that cluster round,  
Thy loved-one's opening day.

Sleep, Father, sleep! thy furrowed brow  
'Notes years of deepest strife:  
Leave now that Dream so fondly chased,  
Of Happiness in Life!

Sleep, old Man, sleep! Life's longest date,  
Thou hast been Tempest-driven:  
Thy Hopes lie buried with thy years,  
Save one—thy Hope of Heaven.

The Spirit ceased: her twilight song,  
In saddest cadence, died;  
And Angela took their tearful watch,  
Each slumberer beside.

#### SONG OF THE VOYAGER.

Come on board! come on board, ere the anchor is free;  
Ere the winds fill our sails, and we're off for the sea!  
We're merry and gay, and will speed on our way,  
Where the foam-crested waves with the clouds are at play.

A chorus! a chorus! let us join in a song,  
As we skim lightly on the blue waters along:  
The bass of the sea, so deep and so free,  
Shall chime with our music, right gloriously.  
How swiftly, how swiftly, and gaily we glide,  
O'er the glittering crests of the full-heaving tide!  
We're losing the shore—our partings are o'er—  
There are loved ones behind, but Hope is before.

#### THE KING OF KINGS.

The glorious Moon has ascended her car,  
To ride through her kingdom, the sky;  
The Earth smiles to greet her, and every bright star  
Retires, while in state she glides by.  
Thou Queenlike, thou bright, and beautiful one!  
Forever admired shalt thou be:  
All Heaven and Earth, doth thy Majesty own—  
But One there is, greater than Thee.  
Who comes from the East, in a chariot of gold,  
Mid beauty and grandeur so great,  
That the Moon, like a Maiden, turns pale to behold,  
While all Nature with joy is elate!  
'Tis the King who holds darkness and light in his sway—  
To whom Nations have bended the knee:  
Yet, proud Monarch! though thou art Sovereign of day,  
There's Another, far greater than Thee.  
There cometh in Power, and in Glory, a King,  
Attended by splendors so bright,  
That the Sun, black and rayless, in mid-air shall swing;  
And Nature be darkened in Night:  
This, this is the God who rules over all!  
Before Him all crowns shall be dim;  
The vast, boundless Universe, bows to His thrall,  
And knows of none, greater than Him.

CALLA.

#### MY FIRST SMELL OF GUNPOWDER, OR THE CAPTURE OF ANHOLT.

BY THE OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

If the birth of royalty is commonly announced by a royal salute, what shall be said of mine, who was ushered into the world amid the roar of broadside after broadside, and during all the bustle, the fury, and determined energy of one of the most splendid and decisive victories the annals of this great and glorious country can boast of? I had little share in it, it is true,—being snug enough at my mother's bosom in the cable-tier; but she never recovered the fright, poor soul! and, though every care and attention was paid to her the Doctor and the Officers could think of, she eluded them all, and bade them, and me, and this world good-bye, when they least expected it. I thus became everybody's body,—had a hundred, aye, hundreds, of fathers,—but the never a mother could they find me but the gun-room Maltese Nanny-goat, and, truth to speak, she answered the duty passing well, as my living self can amply bear witness. Nothing, I've been told, ever gave the Doctor and the other gentlemen more satisfaction than the happy result of this novel expedient; and for the other little wants I was liable to, these were entrusted for supply to the wife of Quartermaster Fleming, the only woman at that time on board. With him and his wife, therefore, I was from that day in keeping; and as most of the gentlemen strictly stuck to their promise of considering me their adopted, I brought the honest couple, I may safely say, a mint of money to pay them for my bringing up, education, and all the rest on't. Tom Fleming, good soul! had his temper, such as it was, like us all,—and I cannot deny that I had mine, or that it was a very desirable form and build,—yet, though thus extremely opposed to each other, everything went on pretty fair until I began to feel myself *somebody*, when little bits of tiny squalls first began to get up between us. These, however, soon grew so frequent, and so confoundedly serious—and all about a little smart twig of a girl of mine,—that after the devil's own thundering row on the river one morning, we'd been busied hawking and doling out our pots of purl to the men-o'-war's men as slept on board the sheer-hulks, he and I at last parted company, wicked and sulky enough, he to Red-riff, to tell his dame, old Susan, what a precious spink of obedience she had brought up, (information for which, I'll be sworn, she did not thank him, seeing I was not only her darling pet, but I may safely say her spoiled child, in whom she could see no evil,) and I to smoky Westminster, where I directly, slap-dash, enlisted into the Royal Marines, and received seventeen Abraham Newlands, my boys, as my bounty. I was a stout active young fellow at that time; and, being tall of my age, I passed through all their rigmaroles with the utmost credit, and while the money lasted there was neither a want of



frolic nor fun, all was right, as the cash began to get scarce, my new admirers began to whistle another tune, and I was suddenly bundled off to Chatham direct, where they marched and countermarched, and twisted and twined me as much as there was any occasion for. That, also, I got through; but as their strictly immured and confined life in the barracks was not at all suited to a lad of my kidney, I embraced the very first opportunity that occurred to volunteer, and was very lucky, and, indeed, highly pleased with my good fortune, when I found myself, after a lively two days' march to Woolwich, quite snug, bag and baggage, on board of His Majesty's frigate *Whisk*, of 36 guns, Captain Morgan Maccauw, commander.

As our party boarded the frigate fresh from the hands of the carpenters and caulkers, who, ever prodigal of their pitchy liquid, had left the docks in a sad mess of rubbish of all descriptions, all hands were immediately ordered to rig in fatigue-clothing, and commence without delay to scrape and swab the cabins and garrison out. This was a filthy and disagreeable job to many; but to me and some few others, who knew it was imperative and soon over, it was an employment that was readily gone about and cheerfully submitted to. All hands on board being now at work, therefore, the frigate's roomy and spacious decks began to assume a more lively and animated appearance; for though she had not a single gun on board, and all her ship's company, excepting ourselves, were as yet carefully stowed away in the *Namur* guard-ship at the Nore, still, in addition to our pretty strong party, there were upwards of a hundred collegemen on board, who, squandered over the decks, were very comfortably employed seizing blocks of all sizes, working mats, and manufacturing reef-ties, sen-net, and nettles, amid much loquacity and a profusion of long yarns. They were rough dogs in those days, the lads of the College, and as they saw opportunity did not stick at a trifle. This, however, soon came to light, through their own covetousness; for they had succeeded so successfully in making the party widows of so many small articles, that at length their entire knapsacks began to find their way on shore. To muster and examine their bags in the evening, before going on shore, in order to restrain this besetting sin of theirs, of appropriating to themselves either their neighbours' or His Majesty's property was soon found to be a necessary duty, and a person of vigilance and some nerve was therefore in request, to see them all at work and out of the ship at certain hours, which were regulated by the dockyard. As it was absolutely necessary, also, that this new official should possess the accomplishment of being master of both reading and writing, the small authorities of our party, after much deliberation, cast their eyes on me, to whom they were both familiar, thank God and old Tom Fleming! and I was accordingly, though I believe the youngest man in the party, and, comparatively speaking, a mere Johnny Raw, inducted into this very easy office. In truth, I leaped into this job with infinite satisfaction; for it not only relieved me from very dirty work, but opened a path to me of having more easy access to my superiors. I accordingly immediately busied myself in preparing an accurate muster roll; and that very evening, after my dismissal of the Greenwichmen to their pots or their repose, I already found myself a marked man among the *élite* of my party. This situation I retained, if not to others', yet very hunch to my own satisfaction, until the frigate was hauled up alongside the mast-ship, and her crew came on board.

The masts were just on board, and the frigate warped back to her old station, when she was joined by her ship's company from a Nore tender, the *Purser*, Doctor, and various other minor officers, led on by Mr. Richard Hardy, her First Lieutenant; who was no time on board before I was ordered to dismiss the collegemen, and, my occupation thus gone, to betake myself once more to work along with my comrades. After a few days, therefore, of almost unceasing bustle and hard work, matters began gradually to assume a more orderly and settled appearance; which was no sooner reported on shore than the Captain came directly on board. He was a portly ruddy-complexioned man, above forty years of age, rather below the middle size, and was plainly dressed on the present occasion in a plain blue surtout, fastened up to his throat a-la Blucher, with a neat cloth cap of the same colour on his head, rounded with a broad splendid band of gold lace, from which hung pendant a very costly gold tassel. His First Lieutenant, again, was a stout muscular man, several years younger, measuring fully six feet in height, of exquisite proportions, and blessed with a fine open countenance, and a sharp, laughing, hazel eye, which seemed the very seat and centre of continual good humour. They had long been shipmates together, had the most implicit confidence in each other, and came alike under that description of our gallant officers popularly known as *Fire-eaters*.

The decks having been previously cleared up and well scrubbed, the Captain was received by all hands, rigged in their best clothes, standing at divisions, and by Marines under arms, headed by their proper officers. The moment he reached the capstan he wheeled about, and surveyed with an eager and discerning eye his ship's company, yards, and rigging with evident pleasure; when, warmly grasping his tall executive by the hand,—

"Upon my honour, Hardy," he said, "I must give you credit for amazing expedition, whatever more—why you have actually performed wonders, my good sir, in an almost no time. But, come, let us have a squint at your proceedings under hatches: for if they bear an equal proportion to those above-board, you certainly have brought matters to a conclusion very much to my complete satisfaction. We can then overhaul these fine fellows more at our leisure."

His First Lieutenant silently acquiescing, they both immediately disappeared, followed by the Master and all the warrant officers.

After a minute scrutiny of all the store-rooms, and other details connected with the internal arrangement of his vessel, the Captain and his followers once more made their appearance from the fore-hatchway, and then moved slowly along the front of the extended lines of his ship's company, both on the main and spar decks, graciously recognising his old hands by some one kindly remark or other—a piece of condescension on his part which was well rewarded by many a grim smile from many a stern and weather-beaten countenance. He at last came in front of our party, standing at "present arms," and after a pretty close survey of us all, he exclaimed, turning to our officer—

"A very fine party of stout young fellows, indeed, Nicholls, and much superior to your last. It is only a thousand pities that your very pretty soldiers should almost always turn out such miserable sailors—of no greater use in bad weather or a gale of wind than so many silly old women."

"And yet I have been pretty particular, too, on that very score," returned our officer, with a smile, "and can assure you, sir, that, with very few exceptions, the whole party have seen more or less of active service. Indeed, the young fellow that now stands in your front, drew his first breath on board a line-of-battle—"

This was enough; and on the Captain's uttering his wondering exclamation of "Indeed!" I was ordered to advance. I instantly obeyed, and felt the

blood rushing to my face at the double-quick. Immediately I was subjected to a who'e volley of questions from both the curious Captain and his second in command, of little consequence to repeat, or the answers they received. Suffice to say, that both the gentlemen walked away exceedingly well pleased, seemingly, that they had such a well-known lion on board as *Joe of the Fleet*.

The scrutiny being now over, the hands were piped down, leaving the gentlemen soon in possession of the deck, with an ample opportunity of paying their individual respects to their Commander, whom some of them had only now seen for the first time—he thus holding what might not have been unaptly termed his first quarter-deck *levée*. The Captain received the whole of their notes of compliment with a gaiety of heart highly flattering to the donors; and, in return, told them, as a matter of news, that expecting his sailing orders to be awaiting him on his return to Town, he intended to drop down with the tide on the following day. "I tell you this the more readily, gentlemen," concluded he, "because, as Hardy and I have agreed to give our fine fellows the remainder of the day to enjoy themselves, it will afford you all leisure to examine into the exact state of your sea-stock and other matters, and to see that they are good for three months at least. If all is already right in that respect, gentlemen, I have not the smallest objection that as many of you as Mr. Hardy can spare may make holiday of it too, and thus pay your friends a farewell visit. For my own part I find I must put an end of mine to you for the present, and hurry back to Town as fast as my cattle can carry me, having an appointment to meet at the Admiralty. I trust, however, gentlemen, to find you all at your posts to-morrow by high water, when we shall slip from our moorings and be off to sea. Meantime, good day to all—God bless you!" With this general salute, he walked over the side to the shrill music of the Boatswain's pipe, and getting into his gig, made way swiftly for the dock-yard.

The Captain was no sooner gone, than several of the other officers followed his example, and the First Lieutenant put a finishing hand to the ceremonies of the morning by not only graciously granting a card of twenty-four hours' liberty on shore to a favoured few, but calling the Boatswain to him on the quarterdeck, he gave him the word, and withdrew to his cabin. What that word meant was speedily known by the sailing fellow's loudly piping a temporary suspension of all discipline in the cheering notes of *All hands to dance!* The summons was hailed with a general burst of applause from all hands, and had the almost instantaneous effect of transforming the usual quietness, decency, and even strict order of His Majesty's ship *Whisk* into the noisy, shouting, laughter-loving uproar, and even licentious misrule, of another *Bartholomew Fair*. There was a smile on every countenance, and the ready laugh was elicited with ease at the slightest attempts at a joke. It is well known, however, that Jack, when happy himself, and in possession of permission and opportunity, loves nothing more dearly than to let it be known to all the world; you may be sure, then, that no time was lost in publicly announcing to all around, that the frigate, for that day at least, was to be the very focus of frolic and fun. In a very few minutes, therefore, her rigging fore and aft was gaudily decorated with the flags of all nations, which, flaunting gaily in the sunshine, had the effect of speedily attracting the notice of the hawk-eyed Children of Israel, who at that time so numerous pitched their tents around the various dockyards of the kingdom, whose boats were speedily alongside, laden with a profusion of all sorts of gear, alike pleasing to the eye and the palate, quickly followed, as a matter of course, by not a few boat-loads of the merry-faced daughters of levity and dance, who, with cheeks rouged to roses, and rigged out in their most captivating dresses, were received in many instances at the gangway, as they screamingly leaped into the arms of their partners, with an embrace and a smack which sounded like the crack of a waggoner's whip.

Matters thus auspiciously set a-going, went on joyously and swimminly until dinner was piped, which gave a momentary lull to the ever-succeeding squalls of merriment and peals of laughter which ever and anon had burst from the various parties who promenaded the upper and main decks; and in the important process of filling their stomachs, both ladies and gentlemen conducted themselves with an order, a decorum, and a comparative tranquillity, that was altogether edifying. This pleasing lull, however, proved very short in its duration; for the moment the pipe once more thrilled on the ear, and *Grog-a-hoy!* was bellowed down the hatchways, that very moment was the signal which once more set all the merry muscles in motion, and all the tongues of male and female in accelerated action. The cheering song and its deafening chorus was once more to be heard going its cheering round; while the merry jest and the long, loud, hearty laughs were renewed, and resounded from all quarters. Even this was continued for a very brief period: for all the more active and younger spirits, speedily tired of the inactivity of a seat at the mess-table, once more betook themselves to the upper decks, where they could enjoy themselves in the frolic and dance, leaving the sedate, the moderate, and more orderly of their comrades behind them, to enjoy themselves in spinning an old yarn, or to indulge in the unwanted luxury of a siesta.

I need hardly here remind you, mates, that as we, of the Marines, are ever looked on by the officers as the proper conservators of good order and discipline in the ship, it may be well said that we in general have neither part nor portion in these temporary but merry and short-lived carnivals. Like our shipmates, it is true, we partake of the material indulgences allowed, so far as eating and drinking goes; here, however, the matter ends, for our discipline, instead of being relaxed, is if possible more tensely screwed up and severely enforced than ever. Hence, we thus stand ever ready, when called on, to repress with a strong hand the earliest attempts at insubordination or riot the moment it shows itself. On such a day as this, therefore, as you may easily suppose, the whole garrison, as it is called, was on the *qui vive*; the sentries on the magazines and posts of peril were not only select but well armed; and while those of the upper decks and gangways were doubled, a strong and select band was placed at the disposal of the Master-at-arms, to aid him and his Corporals in the preservation of the public peace wherever it was in danger of being in the slightest outraged. For my own part, I got placed, to my heart's wish, at the cabin door, with nothing to pay attention to but the sand-glass, and proclaim the progress of time; I could thus see and hear everything that was going on without interfering with any one, and in fact enjoyed myself, I believe, more as a mere spectator than many of my shipmates who were the most prominent actors.

I had just sung out the order to strike the bell four of the afternoon watch; and the fun and jollity was at its utmost height, when Quarter-master Wilkins came suddenly bustling down the companion-ladder, and inquired of me where he would find the First Lieutenant. I immediately told him he was in the state cabin, where, indeed, he had been for hours.

"Ah, well," said he, "Jenkins, that's lucky, for I must see him directly. Here we have got alongside of us a party of them there confounded lobsters



of the artillery; and who dost think they've brought along with them a prisoner?"

"Oh, how should I know, Wilkins?"

"Hang it! can't you guess then?" cried the Quartermaster, inclined to be talkative. "There were only six of 'em as got the four and twenty hours' liberty-card this morning, and you must have seen them all!"

"Perhaps I did," returned I, "and still I cannot guess. You'll remember, mate, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the ship's company yet."

"Ah! very true, lad," returned Wilkins. "I didn't think of that there. But lud, lud, of all men in the hooker who would have ever thought of such a canny-going, quiet customer, as Dunky Bray, coming on board in such a mess. Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Quartermaster in an involuntary fit of laughter. "may I die, but after him a pig to be shaved. But avast! time's precious—announce me at once, Jenkins."

"Cheerfully, mate," returned I; so opening the cabin-door, I said, "Quartermaster Wilkins wishes to speak with your honour, if you please."

"Send him in, Jenkins," was the answer. So passing him inside, I closed the door.

What passed between them must have been very short if it was not sweet, for the First Lieutenant, in the next instant, came hurrying out and bolted on deck, followed by the laughing Quartermaster with as much agility as he was master of.

With a curiosity somewhat excited, I must confess, I stood eagerly listening under the skylights of the spar-deck, which were directly in front of my post, when I heard the First Lieutenant exclaim, as if from the gangway, "Come on board." This was accordingly done, and I could easily see a party of soldiers of the artillery, headed by a corporal, advance, with a seaman along with them as a prisoner, who, bareheaded and bleeding, his face completely disfigured with wounds and bruises, and his clothes torn and covered with mud, seemed evidently to have been completely ill-used, whatever he had been guilty of.

In answer to the officer's eager inquiry into the matter, the corporal of the party, assuming a most imposing attitude, thus commenced his story, not a word of which escaped me. "One of our men, sir, I understand, as happened to be at Greenwich this morning, fell in with this here lad in a public-house in company with a young woman, an acquaintance of his'n, who is a servant at Woolwich. After taking their drops together friendly enough, my comrade got up and told the girl he would squire her home as far as her master's door, to which she agreed, but this here lad wouldn't permit her. High words ensued of course, your honour, and a fight would have taken place, had not the girl and the people of the house, wishing to keep peace, interfered and prevented it. Nay, they even promised to detain the lad there awhile, if my comrade would only leave the house; which he immediately did, and set out for the barracks, the girl going along with him. They had got no way on the road, however, before they espied this here lad a following them, loudly swearing vengeance against them both for leaving him. This made them both step out, sir; and at length, when they did reach Woolwich, in order to get rid of him, who was constantly bawling at the top of his voice 'a'ter them, my comrade persuaded the girl to go into one of our public-houses, well known as the sign of the Gun and Bombshell. Into this house, however, they were immediately followed by this here sailor, who, bursting into a room where a good number of our chaps were enjoying themselves, swore rudely and furiously, that he'd lick them all round if they did not surrender the girl to him. Bless you, sir, the girl was by this time safely at home, having made her escape by the back-door; but what of that the riot had commenced, and how long it continued I cannot say; but belonging to the patrol to day, I was called in to quell the riot, and clear the house of them. With the assistance of my party I did so, and sent off my comrades to their barracks in a twinkling, leaving no one behind but himself, who, I certainly must confess, seems to have been punished enough. After making a strict inquiry, however, into the matter from the people of the house and several people of the town who saw the whole affair, I began to suspect that this here lad was not the right sort of thing altogether, particular as they all agreed in telling me that they knew nothing of him, and he had had no drink there. I therefore first of all asked him what ship he belonged to, and sure enough I must say he hailed for this one, but told me he was on shore on liberty. That's ever the story, your honour—they're all on shore on liberty, always, sir; but I'm not just the lad that's so easily done; so I demanded a sight of his liberty-card. As I expected, sir, the never a card was in his possession; and as none of the people of the house, nor those present, had either seen it or a single copper of his money, I directly chalked him down doth as a desperate man and a deserter; and as such, having brought him once more on board of you, I claim my reward in name of the party along with me."

"And how much do you receive for a deserter generally, Corporal?" asked the First Lieutenant drily.

"Oh! my good sir," replied the Corporal with a simper and a smile, "you are pleased to be facetious; the sum is as well-known as a penny loaf."

"It will be the easier named then," said the officer in the same tone; "for I must inform you, Master Corporal, I am but little acquainted with deserters."

"That may be the case, sir," returned the artilleryist, "though I never heard officer say so before. Our regular sum, however, is three guineas, sir, besides any unavoidable expenses incurred when brought from a distance."

"Well, it is lucky for the poor devil you can't talk of distance at present, Corporal," said the indignant officer. Then once more fastening his keen eyes on the unfortunate who stood, hanging his bleeding head, in complete silence before him, he went on,—"But come, Bray, rouse up! for I must hear your way of the story, my cleanly well-behaved beauty! Tell me, and tell me truly, you drunken swab, how the deuce you contrived to get so speedily into all this marvellous business since you left me this morning?"

"This morning!" involuntarily exclaimed the military, in a tone of surprise and disappointment.

"No farther gone, I assure you, my lads," continued the officer coolly, "so any further thoughts on the three guineas, you know, is all in my eye. You've done a very charitable action, however, in bringing the stupid fellow safely on board, so let that comfort you. I can tell you, for as precious a pickle as he's got himself in now, that that brute of a fellow went over this vessel's side, little more than six or seven hours ago, fresh and hearty, and as clean as hares or good clothes could make him, with a liberty-card from me, which don't expire until to-morrow morning. So far he told you the truth. See him now; so shamefully filthy, so completely useless, as hardly to be worthy lifting out of the mud at the end of a broomstick. Oh, it is disgraceful behaviour! Come, sir, rouse yourself up directly, and tell me how all this has happened you."

The poor fellow thus importuned from such a quarter, lifted up his humbled

head, but it was only to mutter, in a hoarse husky voice, the humble petition that his honour would, for the love of God, be pleased to order him a panikin of water.

"It is more than you deserve, you swab!" was the officer's consolatory return, at the same time giving the Quartermaster a signal which sent him to the tank in a twinkling. The welcome element was greedily devoured, but not before he had made a profound obeisance to his officer by way of returning him thanks; then hemming and hawking once or twice by way of clearing his obstructed throat, he at length broke out with—

"Long life to your honour! but that's the best fresher I've had this blessed day; and, mayhap, had I been content to have stuck to the like's on't, I might by this time have been snugly seated in the chimney-corner at home, enjoying a spell of a yarn with old mother and sisters before I leave them. But, avast with all that there—for it was never to be, seemingly. Howsumd'ever, your honour, as I says to myself, says I, whatever you do, never say die, my boy—for you knows grieving's a folly, says I—so, bah!—it's gone—so even let it go, and the devil go with it."

"Good God!" exclaimed the officer, "the fellow's either drunk or mad! Silence, you silly fool! I want no nonsense of that kind. Tell me, directly, how you come to be in such a mess."

"I'll tell your honour all about it in a brace of shakes," went on poor Bray, thus interrupted, and twisted his battered muzzle into sundry comical distortions; "for I'm not drunk—far from it, your honour—but sadly bumjeed—confused—and knocked about.—Hem—hem—Well, your honour must know that I'd got up as far as Greenwich all well and hearty—for, so help me Bob, I had tasted nothing but merely a tiffin of grog, which I had with my pals, the boat's crew, before starting. Well, being at Greenwich, your honour, there was I stuck up admiring of the old College and the old chaps, too, as were lolling about its walls at their leisure, and thinking with myself, Rat it, thinks I, if I'm in luck now, but I'll may be have a chance myself before I die of sporting a three-decker on that stylish finely paved deck of your'n as well as the best on ye yet, my old blades! when that very moment who should I clap my eyes on but my old pal Susan Stukely—old Stukely, the Deptford costermonger's daughter, your honour—her as I have known since I were a mere pickaninny, not much taller than the monkey's tail of one of our after-carronades—Bless your honour! we were not only neighbours' childer, but playmates, schoolmates, and all the rest on't. So as I hadn't seen Sue for many a long day—and she's grown a regular slapper now, almost as tall as myself, your honour—and as I was in possession of the rhino, d'ye see, why it was no more than natural in a fellow like me to grapple with her directly, and have her into a grog-shop, just to have a sup for old acquaintance' sake. Well, your honour, there we were seated laughing and chaffing over old stories happy enough, and, for myself, I can say, I were getting as merry a fellow as ever the devil shook a cudgel over, when who should join company with us but a sodger chap—one of your gunner kidney, your honour—and down he sets himself free and easy—quite at home—and begins a prating like winky to my pretty beauty. This, I confess, I didn't like at all, your honour—so I first of all began to get a little of summat both savage and sulky, for I were cruel vexed—then I began to swear away like a young 'un, 'cause I couldn't help it—and at last, as the blues came stronger on me, says I to the sodger, says I, if you don't directly shut your potato-trap, mate, cut your stick and sheer off, I'll directly oblige you to walk the plank out of this crib, and find the street in the best way you can, says I. Whew! your honour, the sodger was as saucy a blade as myself, and not only returned me a Rowley for my Oliver, but more than that had the audacious impudence to show fight, and that, too, in the presence of my fancy lass. This was a clincher in a moment—and I am certain your honour would have despised me, as for sartin I would ha' done myself, had I not instantly sprung to my heels, and laid the saucy hound a sprawling on the floor. Well, a nice regular set-to would for sartin have taken place, had not my pretty Susan and the people of the house shoved in their oars and prevented it. Now I can't say how it happened afterwards d'ye see, there was such a thundering lillibulero, and I were so mortal angry, but while I were busy paying and wrangling with the landlord for the stuff we had had, and the riot we had occasioned, doesn't away bolt the clever devil Sue out of doors, so that when I at last got to the street, and ran myself out of wind down the road, what does I see, thinks your honour, but Sue and the sodger marching towards Woolwich, arm-in-arm, as light-heeled and merry as Darby and Joan. D—n me, your honour—I crave pardon for swearing—if my blood was up before, it was boiling now; I forgot home, mother, and sisters,—every thing lovely and kindly vanished from my bosom on a sudden, like another Cape Flyaway,—so directly after them I made sail, though they stretched out so well that I didn't get alongside of the sodger until he got snugly moored in that crib of his'n they call the Gun and Bombshell. It was then I did go into it with spirit, your honour. But what could a poor fellow do against a whole roomful of 'em? I got no fair play, for they were all on me together; and not only quilted me like a sack, but I verily believe would have squeezed the wind out of me for good, and for ever, had not their patrol been luckily called in and cleared the house on 'em. At all events, your honour, I hope you won't be very angry at me, since I confess I've by far got the worse on't—a blessed good thrashing, my clothes torn in splinters, my rings torn from my ears and fingers, and every copper I had in the world fairly skinned out of me."

"What dost say, Bray?" cried the attentive officer; "have you been robbed? Come, out with it, you silly fool; but see you tell me truth."

"I can say nothing farther than this, your honour, that when I went into that grog-shop of theirs, the Gun and Bombshell, I'm sartin I had both my rings and money; and when, after a bit I came to myself—for I were almost pounded to cocoa amongst 'em—I discovered, to my sorrow, that never a ring nor a rap was I possessed of."

"Indeed! why, this is something serious, Master Corporal," said the gentleman, indignantly. "Now, tell me seriously, Bray, how much money were you in possession of when you left me this morning?"

"A Spanish doubloon, your honour, which I have long kept for the occasion, and which I changed this morning to give the yawlers a parting glass. Dan Spenser and all the boat's crew saw me."

"They did!—I'll soon see as to the truth of that. Boatswain's Mate!" sang out the First Lieutenant, "send Spenser and his yawlers aft to me directly."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the bulky fellow; and Spenser and his pals were in immediate attendance.

They all confirmed the unfortunate Bray's story, Spenser even asserting that he saw him stow away three Abrams carefully, and wrap the silver in his liberty-ticket—an assertion which sufficiently accounted for its absence in the officer's opinion, whilst it strengthened his belief in the robbery. He stood a few moments musing in silence, then ordered the Master-at-arms to be called.



"Sullivan," said he, addressing the official, "go you directly on shore with the Corporal here, and see if you can make anything of this intricate business, for this stupid fellow has not only been cruelly beaten, but most scandalously robbed of both his rings and money. Go to that public-house he calls the Gun and Bombshell, make all the inquiries you can; and if you can fix guilt on one or any of them, get a warrant, and clap them in prison. I'm determined to investigate this business thoroughly. Stop a moment, I shall give you a note to the officer on guard, in case you have occasion to go to the barracks."

This was quickly done; and the military party, heartily sick of their untoward visit, most gladly took their seats in the boat, when the Lieutenant called out from the gangway, "Harkee, Sullivan, you have my orders to take any aid you may find necessary; and if you are successful in your search, I will cheerfully cover your expenses." Then returning to the deck, he ordered poor Bray off to the head to get himself washed and cleaned, when possibly, he said, the Doctor would condescend to examine him.

It was well for the military that they were all clear of the ship before the crest-fallen Duncan Bray was turned loose at liberty to go forward and mingle with his sympathising messmates and companions; for, after a careful examination of Duncan's earthly tabernacle, their wrath was excessive. As it was, they cleaned and comforted him all they could; and the Doctor's-Mate having done his part of the duty, Duncan was carefully consigned to his hammock, and left to his silent and no doubt repentant meditations.

Did all this put a bar on the merriment, or suspend the frolic and gaiety of the carnival!—Hardly for five minutes. The novelty of a military visit excited the curiosity of some, and an inspection of Bray's mutilations roused the momentary anger and indignation of more; but the one had no sooner shoved off, and the other been conveyed to his hammock, than the rolling of the merry feet on the sounding deck, the hearty laugh, and the feminine scream of delight, soon convinced the most sceptical that every thing disagreeable was already forgotten.

At long and last the sun went down, and so did the flags and top-gallant-yards, and thus put a conclusion to this rollicking and noisy day. The hammocks speedily followed, and was too good a hint to many, not to send them gladly and expeditiously below. All had now left the decks except a few of the younger invincibles, who scorned to give in while they could muster another set. Even these, however, gradually stole away, the upper-decks grew silent and deserted; and a few hours afterwards, the silver moon, soaring gloriously in a clear blue sky, while she shed her modest gleaming rays on the solitary sentinels as they slowly paced the spacious gangways of the frigate, seemed to look down, and say, "Good night!—All's well!"

At an early hour on the following morning, all hands were roused up for the purpose of giving the entire decks an unusually careful scrubbing, and getting everything in readiness for proceeding to sea; and at the usual time for crossing topgallant-yards, and unfurling the flag to the morning sun, Blue Peter was run up to the mainmast-head, the fore-top-sail dropt, and a gun fired. The breakfast was then piped, bustled through, and got over; and all hands, according to previous orders, made themselves ready to fall into divisions the moment the Captain's gig was reported to be on its way from the dockyard.

The bells were still ringing to recal the carpenters and other workmen from their morning repast, when the signal-man on the look-out sung out to the Quartermaster, "The gig has shoved off!" which not only hurried all the officers on deck in a trice, but was the signal for the Boatswain to pipe divisions. The order was instantly and promptly obeyed; so that when the Captain ascended to the gangway, the first thing he saw, was his goodly ship's company paraded before him, all on the alert and ready for action.

"Good morning, Hardy!—good morning to you all, gentlemen!" he began, as he made his way to the capstan, with his heavy gold laced hat in his hand; "hope you've had pleasant adieus, and are now ready, without any heavy regrets, to encounter the roughs of the Service. Upon my honor, Hardy, I must say we have an imposing appearance, whatever else may be in us. Are you all ready, and the pilot on board?"

"Everything is ready, Sir, to your heart's wish, I hope," answered the First Lieutenant; "but I have rather an ugly business to trouble you with, which befel one of our poor fellows yesterday, and which for our own honor, I would wish to see properly investigated."

"With all my heart, my good Sir," returned the Captain; "you know my best services are always at your command. But what is it?"

The First Lieutenant explained, in a conversation apart for a few minutes; but the conference was suddenly broken up, by the Captain's turning suddenly away, while he exclaimed,

"You may depend upon it, my good Sir, such a proceeding would be all in my eye!—a piece of business, indeed, we have neither time nor opportunity ever to accomplish. However, so it pleases you, I have not the smallest objection to hear Sullivan's account of his progress."

The Master-at-arms was accordingly speedily hurried into the presence, when in reply to the Captain's various interrogatories, the following brief detail was elicited:—

"In compliance with my orders, Sir, I proceeded to the Gun and Bombshell; but after the most patient and minute inquiries, I could learn nothing worth the repeating, every one agreeing that Bray was the commender of the whole riot—that he was a complete stranger to them, and that they had neither seen him eat, drink, nor spend a copper in the house. I then went to the barracks, Sir, and having told my business, I duly delivered Mr. Hardy's note to the officer on guard. That gentleman, the moment he read it, shook his head, and said, that nothing would have given him more pleasure than to have complied with the wishes of the writer, had he not been demanding what it was not in his power to grant; for whatever authority he might possess on his post, or inside the barracks, he had none earthly beyond the gates. His men, he said, had liberty to go out and intermingle with the towns-people, and for their behaviour there they were accountable to the civil authorities alone, he having no control over them. But that if I had a warrant with me, and a regular constable to execute it, for the apprehension of any delinquent then in the barracks, he had not the smallest objection to aid me in its immediate execution. This at once brought me up all standing, Sir, seeing that I had neither one nor 'tother; so after bethinking myself a bit, at long and last—I—I—"

"Come away as wise as you went," hastily broke in the smiling Captain, "isn't that the conclusion, Sullivan? Well, well, my good fellow, console yourself that you are not the only one, of scores, who has been compelled to sheer off from these gates equally well satisfied—the very Scylla and Charybdis of both our poor fellows' wages and prize-money to boot. The fact is, Hardy, the madcap voluntarily rushed into Lob's pond, and if he was punished in being forced to pay for his whistle a *little* smartly, he must just pocket the affront in the best manner he can—there is nothing else for it. We can only hope it will make him more wary in playing with edged tools in future. But, to have done

with that, I am now going below to lay aside some little things I have about me, see the decks clear, and every one ready to jump to his station, for I am impatient to be off in the execution of my duty; but, eh!—avast, avast!" exclaimed he, suddenly halting in a listening attitude, as a merry feminine giggle saluted his ears from the main hatchway; "before we begin to talk of duty, or indeed of any thing deserving the name of proper discipline, in heaven's name let us be rid of the women. See the creatures ashore as soon as you can, Hardy, and I will join you again directly."

## THE EARTH-STOPPER.

BY JOHN MILLS, AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN," &c.

The winter wind swept through brake and briar, and hummed through the dry and leafless branches of the wood, and rattled against rickety casements, and thundered at closed doors and windows in very madness to the denial of his admission. Now, he roared like some goaded beast, and then whistled and shrieked as he rushed along o'er moor and mead, hill-top and vale, as if tilting in his anger with every thing in his path—from the withered leaf, whirled from its lurking corner, to the brave old oak clad with ivy-green of a century's growth.

"It's a wild night, a very wild night," said Harry Ranton, the Earth-stopper, to his wife, as they sat in the snug, cozy room in their little cottage, listening to the gale without.

"Ay, lad, it is," she replied, checking the whirr-r-r of her spinning-wheel, to add another yule-log on the hearth. "Ah, lad, it is," repeated she; "but there's one comfort, ye need not care for its wildness. I'll get ye a pipe, and a flagon of the best."

"Not now, lass, not now," rejoined he, pushing his chair backwarks. "I'll take a pull at them upon my return."

"Return!" exclaimed his wife. "Surely ye're not going out in such a night as this. It isn't fit that a dog should stir from the roof."

"Perhaps not, Lucy," returned the Earth-stopper. "That may be, however, no reason that a man shouldn't. I must close," continued he, "a dozen open earths afore the sun peeps."

"But there can be no hunting to-morrow, Harry," expostulated his wife.

"Why not?" said he. "There's not frost enough to glaze a puddle, and you don't suppose that a capful of wind would stop 'em."

"I suppose not, Harry," replied she; "more's the pity. For I feel it go hard with me that you should be forced from your fireside in such rough weather as this, and at such an untimely hour."

"Pish, good woman!" rejoined the hardy Earth-stopper. "Of what am I to be afraid?"

No other answer was given but a grave shake of the head and a scarcely audible sigh, while the eyes of the "gude-wife" were turned to the rafters of the roof, upon which were hung sides of bacon and a goodly array of dainty hams.

"I believe," resumed the Earth-stopper, rising from his chair, and commencing preparations for his unenviable excursion, "I believe," repeated he, with a smile, "that ye're thinking of fays and will-o'-the-wisps, and corpse-candles, and suchlike prattle of the gossips."

"Perhaps I may be," replied his wife, in a truly mysterious tone and manner, "and perhaps I mayn't be."

"No one can gainsay the truth o' that," rejoined Harry, drawing a red woollen night-cap over his ears, and surmounting it with a cap made of the warm skin of an otter.

"I think *what* I think," added she, in a voice that almost arrived at a pitch of solemnity; "and I don't always tell other folk my thoughts."

"And a good plan, too, Lucy," returned the Earth-stopper; "and one that might be followed by most of our neighbours to their good," continued he, folding himself in two or three layers of thick jackets, and finishing his toilet by incasing his feet and legs in a pair of huge jack boots.

"Have ye to go far, lad?" inquired she, with deep solicitation, as she untwined a kerchief from her bosom, and twisted it carefully round his neck and chin.

"To Arlington gorse," he replied, shouldering a pick-axe and a couple of spades.

"To Arlington gorse!" repeated his wife. "Why, that's where——"

"No matter what," interrupted Harry, lighting the candle in his horn lantern, and striding towards the door. "I hope to be back in three hours at farthest."

"Pray God be willing!" fervently ejaculated she, as the door closed upon his heel; and the sentence was repeated until the sound of his retreating footstep fell in vacancy upon her ear, and, perhaps, for some seconds afterwards.

Harry Ranton, the Earth stopper, was one of the many retainers of Sir Gilbert Spelman, the rich and sporting baronet of Harcourt Hall; and, although holding but an inferior rank in the establishment, there were but few, perhaps none, who were held in higher estimation by a kind-hearted master, than the humble Earth-stopper. To this office was combined that of trapper, and general destroyer of the numerous tribes, with whetted appetites and vigilant senses, ever ready for the destruction of game in all its varieties; and, since a gin had been constructed, perchance there never had been a more determined pursuit to their extermination, than the one in which Harry Ranton was engaged, from sunrise to sunset, the year through, from the coming of the earliest and fairest blossoms in spring, to the ripening of the mistletoe berry in frosty winter.

It is an old saw, that "That which every body says must be true;" and as it was admitted, without an exception, that Harry Ranton was an honest, worthy fellow, it is but common justice not to question the truth of his proverbial character. With a fine, athletic, and muscular frame, he possessed a frankness and generosity of disposition; and, as yet, time had not weakened or impaired the one, neither had care nor misfortune cramped or bruised the other. Far and wide, the Earth-stopper was an object of general admiration; and although much surprise was occasioned by the success of his suit with Lucy Long, the pretty dairy-maid at the hall, some five years ago, the even tenor of his way had not been interrupted since then by babbling reports, flying surmises, whispered doubts, or ominous prognostications. All had been silenced by the practical and convincing proofs of time; and those who had, from jealousy or envy, been foremost in expressing the dubious tendency of the result of Harry's alliance with Lucy, and affirmed the evils in pickle in those too general terms, "Well, well! we shall see!" had now been shown.

Upon the Earth-stopper's gaining some twenty paces from his cottage-door, he turned and glanced at the window, through which the bright, cheerful rays from the crackling logs were streaming; and if a wish sprung from his heart,



like a bubble to the surface of a brook when a pebble sinks in it, that he might return to his hearth, where there was ever a kind look and word of welcome, quickly, it was but a very natural one, considering the dreary aspect of the night. The howling wind increased, rather than diminished, in force, and dark heavy masses of clouds flew, and scudded before it like floating gossamer. A stinging sleet fell occasionally, followed by large drops of rain, drifting against the unprotected features of the Earth-stopper with the chilly influence of ice-flakes. Not a star was visible: all was cheerless, dark, cold, and desolate.

Harry tried to whistle; but the boisterous wind, as if jealous of a rival, piped so loud, long, and shrill, drowning the notes so effectually, that every one sunk soundless upon his lip.

"Well," said the Earth-stopper to himself, "since you will have it all your own way, e'en ye must."

Without again making an attempt to cheer his gloomy road, Harry continued onwards through dyke and dell, copse, grove, and covert, with no other sounds breaking upon his ear save the roar of the gale, the occasional bay of the watch-dog, and the screech of the owl, as she flapped her broad wing in the wintry blast.

After a long, weary trudge, Arlington gorse was gained; and as the Earth-stopper prepared to enter the thicket of prickly furze, he heard the loud, sharp bark of a fox.

"Ho, ho, Charley!" said he, in a triumphant whisper, "you're not far from your kennel to-night, but I'll take care to stop—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Ranton's blood stopped in its course, as if a flood-gate had been closed suddenly upon his heart.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

If ever there was a loud, clear, distinct, and positive laugh heard from human lips, this was one; and if a remote show of doubt was raised in the mind of the Earth-stopper as to the correctness of his hearing, the repetition of the sound entirely dispelled it.

"A laugh from the middle of Arlington gorse," muttered Harry, while a few large drops of cold clammy perspiration stood upon his forehead. "It isn't a spot exactly to laugh in."

No; Arlington thicket was not an appropriate place for mirth. It had been the scene, in days gone by, of blood and cruel violence; and but few of the most hardy would venture within its precincts, even in the daylight, and no one, except the Earth-stopper, ever approached it when the sun was down. It was shunned and avoided by all and never mentioned but with a shudder.

For some minutes Harry stood with a palpitating heart, and wavering resolution. Inclination led him to turn his heel, and to retrace his footsteps; but duty to his master urged him forwards despite of his natural fears.

"I've done no harm to any body," was the Earth-stopper's silent and secret consolation to himself, "and he that has done no harm needn't expect any. I'll close the earths if the dev—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry's sentence was abruptly brought to a close. Again the laugh rang loudly from the gorse, and echoed from hill to hill, as if a hundred tongues responded to the hollow empty voice from the accursed thicket.

The Earth-stopper's tongue became as parched and dry as if a raging fever had been sapping his blood for many a long and weary day, and his teeth chattered, and his stalwart limbs bent and shook like some puny child's.

"It's more than I can make out," he muttered. "Just, too, from the very place where they say it was done. 'Tis very strange," continued he, communing with himself; "I never, till now, believed their talk; but there's no doubting one's own ears."

There was a sudden lull in the gale. In a moment the rough, burly wind was stilled, and not even the rustle of a bough or twig broke the brief, but perfect reign of silence. During this the Earth-stopper strained his ears to catch any sound that might either confirm or dispel his terror; but nothing but the beating and throbbing of his own heart led him to believe that there was any cause for fear.

Now there was a humming roar, and the trees bent and the giant limbs of the sturdy old oaks yielded to the breath of the storm like green rushes to the breeze. On, on he went, the brave bold storm! breasting and facing all things in his course. At one fell swoop—crash, and down topples a towering elm with as much ease as if it had been a dried and hollow reed. Ha, ha! on, on he went, the brave, bold storm! The timeworn ruin next he seeks, and that which crumbling ages have not accomplished, he hurls to destruction in a moment. Ha, ha! on, on he went, the brave bold storm! Now he strips the moss-grown thatch from the cottager's roof, and scatters it wide and far, and roars with glee as he hurries on, for ruin to others is fun to him. Ha, ha! on, on he went, the brave, bold storm! The high and the low, the cedar top and the smallest thing rearing itself above the level of the earth, are all the same to him. One and all feel his lusty blow, and he deals alike with each. Ha, ha! on, on he went, the brave, bold storm! But there is nothing now but snow-crested billows to wage his ruthless war with. Far, far at sea he sweeps leagues and leagues away, and tosses the mountains of waters to the clouds, and ducks them down again fathoms and fathoms deep. A ship! May Heaven deal mercifully with it! But 'tis doomed, and man may not question why! One savage wrestle with the gallant bark—a shriek, a loud, long piercing shriek, and then not a vestige remains of that which seemed "to walk the waters like a thing of life." Ha, ha! on, on he went, the brave, bold storm!

After a long silent pause, and the wind had greatly abated, the Earth-stopper summoned sufficient resolution to wend his way slowly and cautiously towards the dreaded spot. It must be confessed that he did this with a strangely fluttering pulse, and yet his purpose was fixed now, and if the dreaded laugh had been rattled close to his ear, still he would have gained the bent of his journey.

"It is somewhere here," said he aloud, taking a look with his lantern, and peering about the roots of a stunted pollard overhanging a small but deep gravel-pit. "Ah!" continued he seeing the anticipated earth, "there it is."

Desirous of quickly accomplishing his work, the Earth-stopper's pickaxe and spade soon clicked among the pebbles, and he began to make good progress towards effectually closing sly Reynard's retreat, when the solitary and dull light of his lantern became suddenly extinguished.

As if a bullet had crashed through his heart, Harry leaped high from the ground, and fell sprawling into a neighbouring clump of furze.

"Who's there!" he stammered, "Who's there!" and his brain swam with fright as he felt hot breath streaming into his face, so close, so very close, that the lips all but touched his. "Keep off," cried he in a husky voice, "Keep off," and his senses reeled to hear something dancing round and about him, as

if in fiendish glee at his terror, and ever and anon to stop and puff into his jaws the same glowing, fiery breath.

Driven to desperation by these repeated attacks, the Earth-stopper, at length, with reckless fury, sprung from the earth, and made a sweeping blow with his trusty spade at his secret, and, as he religiously believed, unearthly enemy. If the spade struck the object, however, against whom it was directed, by well-girt thews and sinews, it passed through it with no more impediment than if constructed of thin transparent air. Again, and again the weapon whirled round and about him, but there was nothing to vent its force upon save the wind which it cleaved. After many vigorous efforts to reach his dread persecutor, the Earth-stopper ended the useless assault, and listened for his "whereabout" with increasing terror. Within a few feet he heard the furze rustle and crack in his rear, and upon turning quickly to this quarter the sound came from exactly an opposite direction. In short, let him alter his position as quickly as he might, the terrifying proof of the close proximity of the cause of his fright was ever at his heels.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" exclaimed the almost demented Earth-stopper. "I feel a gone kitten! Who or what are ye?" he hallooed in a voice which sounded more like the piping of some old peevish woman than the deep-toned one of Harry Ranton. "And what do ye want with me?"

To this, however, there was no reply, and for a short time the noise ceased. But no sooner did the unhappy Earth-stopper move a single footstep than the creature, or thing, of air or of earth, or of regions under the earth, danced and flitted round and about him with redoubled energy.

He could bear this no longer. Terror winged his heels, and away he rushed through the furze with the speed of light. Not five paces had been gained when a sturdy old bush refused to yield to his course, and it hurled him back with a force that sent him staggering to the ground. Then again his pursuer skipped close to his face and sent his hot and—as it smelt to Harry—brimstone breath into his cheeks with triumphant delight. In a moment the Earth-stopper was upon his feet again, and on he swept with a speed never surpassed by the swiftest of foot. Desperation spurred him on, and like a meteor he streaked away o'er heath and moor, hill and vale, towards his home, like a spent stag to the thicket, and the gallant hounds close upon his haunch.

The wind was now dying away. In fitful gusts it went and came, and the clouds scudded past in broken masses, permitting the stars to glimmer occasionally between them, and throw an uncertain light upon the earth. But the sleet fell thicker, and although Harry turned his head, from time to time, to get a glance at the form of his pursuer, he was unable, from the drifting snow and the short glimpses of starlight, to learn in what shape the fiend, or sprite, or ghost, or fay was thus driving him along.

"If ever there was a miserable sinner," thought Harry, "I'm one at this moment. May Heaven be merciful to all mankind, but to me in particular!"

Such was the sincere petition muttered to Heaven by the breathless and persecuted Earth-stopper, as he continued his rapid run in the vain hope of outstripping his relentless pursuer.

Half a mile after mile scoured, and still Harry heard the same tramp, tramp, tramp, as an echo to his footfall, and never once did it cease to beat within some three or four paces of his own. It was a most fearful, horrifying race, and, perhaps, none can imagine the dread with which the fleeing Earth-stopper was inspired, unless they may have fancied, on some occasion, that the devil was close at their heels.

Yes, there it is at last. A bright, cheerful ray of light is streaming through the latticed window. A few more swift and long strides, Harry, and the goal will be reached. The cheering sight gave fresh energy to his now exhausted limbs, and, bounding forwards like an antelope, he clutched the latch of his cottage door, and, hurling it back upon its hinges with a giant's strength, fell headlong into the room without sense or motion.

"God stand between us and harm!" ejaculated his terror-stricken wife. "God stand between us and harm!" she repeated, throwing her arms round the neck of her fallen husband, and regarding his pale cheek and ashy lip with the interest only that a wife can feel for him she loves well and truly. "What, what has happened?" she said, bending over his inanimate form. "Tell me, Harry, pray tell me. Speak, I pray ye."

The old time-piece in the corner might have tick-tacked some sixty grains upon the shores of time before Harry Ranton had so far recovered himself as to be capable of returning a reply. At length, like one waking reluctantly from a deep sleep, he cast his eyes vacantly round, and stared at the features of his wife as if he doubted whether it was she or not.

"Do you not know me?"

"Yes, yes," interrupted he quickly; "I know all."

"They say—"

"Hush! Is the door fastened?" he inquired in a husky voice, while his eyes were fixed studiously from it.

"No," she replied, slowly turning her head towards it, in the expectation of seeing something to curdle her blood, and make an icicle of her heart.

"Is it closed?" asked he, still keeping his eyes in the same position.

"Yes, Harry, you threw it back upon the latch when you came in."

"Then lock, bolt, and bar it," rejoined he almost passionately, as he sprung to his feet, and wiped the trickling drops of perspiration as they coursed each other from his brow in great rolling beads.

Scarcely was the order given before it was fulfilled.

"There," continued the Earth-stopper, giving a long respiration, "I can breathe again freely," and he threw out his broad and ample chest, and gave two or three sobs like a gazehound after a run with a mountain hare.

Silently, and yet her tongue blistered to be kept quiet, Lucy took a deep and capacious flagon, and, filling it with the best ale she kept in store, brought it with a foaming head, and placed it in the willing hands of her husband. At one long hearty draught the bottom was reached, and then something like composure took possession of the Earth-stopper's terror-stricken heart.

"Now, tell me, Harry," said his wife, "What has thus almost driven ye daft? My ears," continued she, "tingle to learn."

"Let me sit a minute," replied he, throwing himself into a chair, "for I'm too spent to speak."

It was a hard task imposed upon Lucy, to have the gratification of her roused curiosity postponed; but she resigned with as much concealed impatience as she was mistress of, and submitted to the galling infliction with the exemplary fortitude of a martyr.

When the prescribed allotment of time, however, had passed, the Earth-stopper began the narration of the terrible events of the night; and it must be conceded to the powers of his imagination that not one of them but was stretched far beyond the limits of the plain unvarnished facts.



"Oh Harry," exclaimed his wife, clasping her hands upon the conclusion of her husband's awful adventure, "Oh Harry, how thankful we ought to be that you beat the —"

Both started. The latch of the door jingled, and there was a rough scraping on the outside.

"Mercy upon us!" ejaculated Lucy in a hoarse whisper, and she threw herself upon her husband's neck, all but palsied with fear.

Again there was a rattling, and the bolts and the bars clattered in their sockets with the rudeness of the summons.

The Earth-stopper stirred not, neither was a word spoken; but he fixed his protruding eyeballs upon the quarter from whence the noise came, and looked the unutterable fear thrilling through each vein and fibre of his body. "Say your prayers, Harry," gasped his wife, "or sing a hymn. Either will drive away the fiend."

He shook his head, however, in reply, and evinced his despondency concerning the scheme for dismissing the arch-enemy of mankind from his portal, by making no attempt towards carrying it out.

There was now a vigorous scratching at the threshold, followed by a whine of content.

"Why, that's Romp!" remarked the Earth-stopper, while the blood began to flow again in its wonted course. "Why, that's Romp, sure enough!"

"In good faith it sounds like her," returned his wife, unclasping her firmly fixed hands from her husband, and taking courage to look at the door.

"Has she been out the whole of the time since I've been away?" he inquired.

"She left," replied Lucy, "about half-an-hour or so after you; when I went out to get some more firewood she escaped, and I could not get her back."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Earth-stopper. "Ha, ha, ha," and his loud, boisterous roar of mirth echoed among the rafters until they rang again.

"Then it was her, you may be sure, that upset my lantern and haunted me home," continued he, when he had sufficiently controlled his mirth to speak more.

"But the laugh, Harry, the laugh!" rejoined his wife, with upraised finger.

"Faugh!" returned he, going to the door, and throwing back the fastenings, "that must have been the creak of a bough, a puff of the wind, or my fancy. Ha, ha, ha."

No sooner was the door open than in bounded a large, strong-limbed wiry terrier.

"What, Romp!" continued her master, caressing his favourite. "What, Romp! you've given me a lesson to-night which, to my last hour, I shall remember to advantage,—not to be frightened at shadows of our own making."

## BARON VON PFAFFENBERG.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Whenever one of those astronomical phenomena called a comet condescends to astonish this world of ours with a visit, during his eccentric travels all the old wives are in a flutter; for they are perfectly convinced that "something" is going to happen,—that it is a type of an avenging rod for the castigation of the backslidings of worldly iniquity. Opinions vary; but the eyes of all are alike upturned to gaze upon the illustrious stranger.

Now it happened in the year 18—, that the quiet little market-town of B— was startled from its propriety by the appearance of a post-chaise and four, which honoured "The White Horse" by rattling up to its door, and putting host, hostess, waiters, and chambermaids in a fever of anticipation.

All the bells in the house were set a-ringing, and the host, mechanically grasping a diaper, rushed smirking to the door, which yawned with a sort of ligneous *enroui*, at having been compelled for months to keep open house, without admitting a satisfactory visitor.

The ostler and stable-boy (so called by custom or courtesy—for he was upwards of fifty-five) rushed at the horses' heads; the postillions leaped gymnastically from their saddles; the door was opened, and down rattled the steps, with a celerity and a tone which only a practised hand could achieve.

The host bustled down the three steps of the inn, and bowed, as a pale, slender youth, enveloped in the folds of a blue cloak, with a fur collar, stepped gingerly forth, and, turning his back upon the master of "The White Horse," angled his arm to assist his companion to alight.

A black curly head, with whiskers and mustachios, crowned by a velvet cap and gold tassel, and really a handsome face, was thrust forward, the figure being concealed by the folds of a military cloak. He was evidently the master, from the deference paid him by the youth and the post-boys.

"Mine goot friend," graciously addressing the obsequious host, "I sell truple you to gif me and mine segredary foot and lodge in de houze for some tay. I am ron about de gountry for mine bleasure. Vot a putiful place dis is!"

The host, overwhelmed by the flattering distinction bestowed upon "The White Horse," muttered something about superior accommodation and particular attention, and ushered the Baron and his "segredary" into the best parlour.

Then scuttling down to the kitchen, where the hungry post-boys were already supplying their capacious mouths, he put a few technical inquiries to them respecting his unexpected guest, and was perfectly confirmed in his favourable impression by their praise of his princely liberality; and then they cunningly "touched" the host for a *douceur*, for having brought such an enviable customer to the house.

The host of the White Horse had scarcely satisfied the cravings of the postillions, and made all right, when the young secretary entered the kitchen, and, begging pardon for intruding in the culinary sanctum, politely gave orders for dinner to be prepared forthwith, named the wines and the dishes for the refection of himself and patron, and gave them two hours for the preparation, stating that in the meanwhile they would saunter about the town to satisfy their curiosity, and obtain an appetite.

Never was the White Horse put so much upon his mettle; every available hand in the establishment was put in requisition, and at the appointed hour the dinner was served up. The Baron, who appeared one of the most easy and good-natured men in the world, praised and ate of everything; and, considering the circumferential capacity of Mr. Secretary, the quantity he "stowed away" was amazing.

*Café noir*, and a *goutte* (*schnapps*) as the Baron termed it, followed, and then the secretary brought forth two formidable *meerschau* pipes, and the Baron and his dependant were lost in "clouds" for three mortal hours.

Notwithstanding their excellent dinner, a slight supper was prepared, consisting of a pair of roast ducks, and green peas, and a trifle of pastry; after

which the two guests "drank brandy-and-water gaily," to counteract dyspepsia, or any of its concomitants, and then retired early to their respective beds.

The next morning the secretary, after ordering breakfast, requested the host to make out his bill, as the Baron was so particular that he never commenced a new day in debt. The bill was, of course, handed in; he merely looked at the total, and, taking out a gold pencil-case, added ten shillings for servants, and drawing out a long green purse, disbursed the amount.

"In future you will please spare me the trouble of putting down this gratuity for the domestics of the establishment, as the Baron never gives less!"

Of course there was no "nay" from the White Horse to this pleasing proposition. For a whole week this delightful chance-customer continued to order and pay most punctually, and nothing was spared on the part of master or servants to anticipate every wish.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that particularly favoured inn there had never been such a guest within its walls.

In the small town in which the Baron von Pfaffenberg had (whimsically perhaps) taken up his residence for awhile, the news of his arrival soon spread, and his extravagance as they were pleased to term it, magnified far beyond the truth. There happened to be in the place a niggardly man, who kept a sort of general shop, and who had in the course of forty years accumulated such a capital, and gained such confidence from his rumoured wealth, that he had gradually annexed, as a branch to his general shop—a banking establishment.

"Old Jemmy," as he was familiarly styled, was to be seen early and late in his shop of multifarious wares.

The host of the White Horse was surprised one forenoon by a visit from the rich banker. He welcomed him deferentially, as a homage to his wealth; although, like the rest of the townsfolk, he entertained no real respect for the miser. What was his astonishment when he called for a bottle of port, and requested the host to partake of it.

"Well, and how do you find business?" demanded Old Jemmy.

"Tolerable—pretty tolerable," replied the host.

"You have a foreigner of distinction, I understand, at present in your house?"

"A very prince. Every morning before he breakfasts his secretary pays the bill, and the servants' fees too—think of that. I never met such a man. He must have a long purse; and he deserves it, too, for he spends it for the benefit of others."

"Very good," said Old Jemmy, his yellow cheek tinged with an unusual glow at this compliment to the Baron, which at the same time was felt as a rap on his own knuckles.

"Very good," continued he; "as he spends so much, perhaps we may mutually assist each other. You understand—he may want some accommodation if he remain here, and (if the security be good) I shall be happy to make any advances for a slight commission;—you understand!"

"Perfectly," said mine host, winking; "I'll speak to his secretary. But what am I to get?"

"Why, say—say—an eighth," said Old Jemmy deliberately.

"But what's an eighth?"

"Half-a-crown out of every pound, to be sure," replied Old Jemmy.

"Let me see, then,—if you get a ten-pound note, I shall get ten half-crowns,—is that it?"

"Exactly," said the banker.

"Agreed," replied the master of the White Horse; and Old Jemmy, having paid for the first bottle of wine he ever drank in the house, departed.

The secretary entering at the precise moment, the host pointed to Old Jemmy.

"D'ye see the old man, sir?" said he. "He is one of the old curiosities of this town. He has got lots of gold, and yet keeps a general shop, and is the banker of the place."

"A banker! dear me, what a mean-looking little old man," said the secretary. "Do you think it would be safe to place my property in his hands?"

"Safe as the Bank!" replied the host; "everybody trusts him,—nobody likes him."

"I don't understand much about money-matters," said the secretary; "but as the Baron appears inclined to remain here for some weeks, perhaps we may want something of the kind,—I don't mean money, but merely a place to deposit money securely."

"Exactly, sir," replied the host; "then I can safely recommend Old Jemmy, as we call him hereabouts."

Two days afterwards a letter arrived with a huge seal, addressed to the Baron at the White Horse. The secretary opened it in the presence of the host, and it contained, in an enclosure, £350 in Bank of England notes.

"What a lump of money!" cried the host.

The secretary smiled.

"A trifle—at least in the Baron's estimation," said he. "I have known him expend twice that sum in one week, in entertainments to the nobility when in London. He has estates in Hungary, in his own right, which produce, at least, a thousand pounds a week; and when his father dies, (who is now seventy years of age,) and he comes into possession of the estates of Schloss-Pfaffenberg,—will be worth double that sum. But I must go and see this banker, and deposit this remittance."

The master of the White Horse began to think that he charged too little! The week's bills, including servants, had only mounted to thirty pounds, upon an average,—and here was a man in the enjoyment of one thousand.

His views became enlarged, and his bills increased in amount.

Prompted by the host, who feared that his house might not be quite secure, the secretary was induced to open an account with Old Jemmy.

Besides a strong box containing deeds and papers, the Baron had only a paltry five hundred pounds in cash, and some good bills on London houses to the same amount, which the banker obligingly discounted at five per cent., (money was then plentiful at three,) and placed the sum to the credit of Baron von Pfaffenberg; condescendingly waiting upon him for his sign manual in his "signature book," and edging in a proffer of his services.

The Baron, who was one of the most good-natured men in the world, was pleased with this "original," who was himself no less pleased and "profited" by the interview, accepting an invitation to dinner.

Old Jemmy, with an eye to business, was dressed in his Sunday clothes, and



punctually appeared at the White Horse. A profuse and splendid entertainment awaited him, and he returned to his store with intellects at a discount, for he had really enjoyed himself, conscious that it had cost him nothing. A week after the interview, the secretary appeared at the 'bank,' and requested to speak with Old Jemmy, who slipped off his apron in a trice, and was closeted with his welcome customer.

"The Baron is in such an ill-humour," said he; "he has written to our agent in London to remit him five thousand pounds,—a sum which he annually sends over as a birthday gift to his dear mother,—and he has remitted these bills," laying them upon the table.

"Good as the Bank; they are circular notes of Coutts and Co.," said Old Jemmy.

"Yes, but they are at seven days' sight, and have five days to run, and he wishes to send them by to-night's post."

"Umph!" said Old Jemmy, calculating; "that is awkward certainly. I could certainly do them, for I have credit hereabouts, and might raise the money, but it would cost me time and trouble."

"My dear sir," said the secretary, "the money must be had here, or I shall be obliged to go post to town and do them. The Baron is like a spoiled child, and will have his way, cost what it may."

"Well, well," said Old Jemmy, handling the almost transparent paper; "the Baron has behaved so kindly—so friendly I may say—that I must stretch a point on this occasion, but the discount and commission will not amount to less than—say fifty pounds!!"

"He would sooner give a hundred than disappoint his whim," replied the secretary. "Debit the account with that amount—what is our balance in hand?"

"Three hundred and seventy-five," replied the banker.

"Dear me! is it so low!—I must write for another remittance. In the meantime, you will perhaps have no objection to cash the Baron's draft for five hundred," said the secretary, presenting it. "A donation which I have to pay by his order to your Hospital here—you can charge interest for what is over drawn."

"With pleasure," said Old Jemmy, and the affair was settled. That day he treated the "old woman," as he called his wife, to a duck and green peas, so exhilarated was the old man with his day's work.

And the next day, the generous Baron invited him again to dinner, and when he had imbibed his third bottle of hock, presented him with a signet ring, of some value, from his finger, as a token of esteem for his very liberal conduct to himself!

"Where's the Baron?" said Old Jemmy, rushing breathlessly into the White Horse, three days after his "feed."

"He has gone with four post-horses to see — Castle, and returns at five o'clock to dinner," replied the host. "But what's in the wind?"

"These cursed bills are all forgeries," replied Old Jemmy. "Look here—one, two, three, four, five—five thousand pounds—I am a ruined man, sir,—ruined."

"Nonsense!" said the host; "you will not be the loser; he has plenty of money, and knows where he received them, and when he returns will make all right. He is such a very particular man."

But the very particular man never afterwards appeared, and escaped all trace. Who he was—never transpired; what he was—Old Jemmy, the extortionate general dealer and banker, severely felt.

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN. PART XIII.

I had been familiar with the debates of the French Convention, and had witnessed the genius of French eloquence in its highest exertions. Nothing will cure this people of their aversion to nature. With them, all that is natural is poor—simplicity is meanness. The truth of things wants the picturesque, and thus wants every charm. I had listened to some of their public speakers with strong interest, while they were confined to detail. No man tells a story better than a French *conteur*. There lies the natural talent of the people. Nothing can be happier than their seizure of slight circumstances, passing colours of events, and those transient thoughts which make a story as pretty as a piece of ladies' embroidery—a delicate toil, a tasteful display of trivial difficulties gracefully surmounted. But even in their highest orders of speakers, I could perceive a constant dissatisfaction with themselves, unless they happened to produce some of those startling conceptions which roused their auditory to a stare, a start, a clapping of hands. I had seen Mirabeau, with all his conscious talent, look round in despair for applause, as a sailor thrown overboard might look for a buoy; I had seen him as much exhausted, and even overwhelmed, by the want of applause, as if he had dropped into an exhausted receiver. If some lucky epigram did not come to his rescue, he was undone.

I was now to be the spectator of a different scene. There was passion and resentment, the keenness of rivalry and the ardour of triumph—but there was no affectation. Men spoke as men speak when their essential interests are engaged—plainly, boldly, and directly—vigorously always, sometimes vehemently; but with that strong sincerity which administers eloquence to even the most untaught orders of mankind, and without which the most decorated eloquence is only the wooden sword and mask of harlequin.

Pitt took the lead, in all senses of the phrase. He was magnificent. His exposition of the state of Europe, perfectly unadorned, had yet an effect upon the House not unlike that of opening a volume to multitude who had but just learned to read. All was novelty, conviction, and amazement. His appeal to the principles by which a great people should shape its conduct, had all the freshness and the strength of feelings drawn at the moment from the depths of his own blameless bosom; and his hopes of the victory of England over the temptations to public overthrow, exhibited all the fire, and almost all the sacred assurance of prophecy.

He described the system of France as "subversion on principle," its purpose universal tumult, its instrument remorseless bloodshed, and its success a general reduction of society to the wild fury and the squalid necessities of the savage state. "This," he exclaimed, turning his full front to the House, raising his hand, and throwing up his eyes to heaven with the solemnity of an adjuration—"This we must resist, in the name of that Omnipotent Disposer who has given us hearts to feel the blessings of society, or we must acknowledge ourselves unworthy to hold a name among nations. This we must resist—live or die. This system we must meet by system—subtlety by sincerity—intrigue by resolution—treachery by good faith—menace by courage. We must remember that we have been made trustees of the honour of the past, and of the hopes of the future. A great country like ours has no alternative but to join the enemy of all order, or to protect all order—to league against all government, or to

stand forth its champion. This is the moment for our decision. Empires are not afforded time for delay. All great questions are simple. Shrink, and you are undone, and Europe is undone along with you; be firm, and you will have saved the world!"

The feelings with which this lofty language was heard was intense. The House listened in a state of solemn emotion, hour after hour, deeply silent, but when some chord was so powerfully touched that it gave a universal thrill. But those involuntary bursts of admiration were as suddenly hushed by the anxiety of the House to listen, and the awful sense of the subject. It was not until the great minister sat down, that the true feeling was truly exhibited; the applause was then unbounded—a succession of thunder-peals.

I had now leisure to glance at the Opposition. Fox, for a while, seemed good-humouredly inclined to give up the honour of the reply to some of the popular speakers round him; but the occasion was too important to be entrusted to inferior powers, and, on a general summons of his name, he at length rose. The world is too familiar with the name of this celebrated man to permit more than a sketch of his style. It has been said that he had no style. But this could be said only by those who regard consummate ability as an accident.

Of all the public speakers whom I have ever heard, Fox appeared to me the most subtle—of course, not in the crafty and degrading sense of the word; but in the art of approaching an unexpected case, he was a master. He loitered, he lingered, he almost trifled by the way, until the observer began to believe that he had either no object in view, or had forgotten it altogether. In the next moment he rushed to the attack, and carried all by storm. On this occasion he had a difficult part to play; for the hourly violence of the French capital had begun to alienate the principal aristocracy of England and had raised abhorrence among that most influential body, the middle class. The skill with which the orator glided over this portion of his subject was matchless; no Camilla ever "flew o'er the unbending corn" with a lighter foot. He could not altogether evade the topic. But he treated it as one might treat the narrative of a distressing casualty, or a disease to be touched on with the pity due to human infirmity, or even with the respect due to dispensation from above. He often paused, seemed to find a difficulty of breathing, was at a loss for words, of which, however he never failed to find the most pungent at last; and assumed, in a remarkable degree, the appearance of speaking only from a strong compulsion, a feeling of reluctant duty, a sense of moral necessity urging him to a task which burdened all his feelings. I will acknowledge that, when he had made his way through this difficult performance, I followed him with unequivocal delight, and acknowledged all the orator. He had been hitherto Milton's lion "pawing to get free his hinder paws." He was now loose, in all his symmetry and power, and with the forest and the plain before him. "Why has the monarchy of France fallen?" he exclaimed, "because, like those on whom the malediction of Scripture has been pronounced, it had eyes and yet would not see, and ears, and yet would not hear. An immense population was growing up around it year after year, yet it could see nothing but nobles, priests, and princes. In making this war," said he, "you are beginning a contest of which no man can calculate the means, no man can state the objects, and no man can predict the end. You are not warring against the throne of France, nor even against the people of France; but warring against every people of the earth which desires to advance its own prosperity, to invigorate its own constitution, and to place itself in that condition of peace, purity, and freedom, which is not more the desire of man than the command of Providence."

The House burst into loud reprobations of the name of aristocrat and democrat, which he declared to be mere inventions of party prejudice. "Do you desire to make political hostilities immortal, give them names; do you wish to break down the national strength, divide it into sections: arm against your enemy, if you will, but here you would arm one hand against the other."

To the charge of defending the French mob, his answer was in the most prompt and daring style.

"Who are the French mob? The French nation. Dare you put eight and twenty millions of men into your bill of attainder? No indictment ever drawn by the hand of man is broad enough for it. Impeach a nation, you impeach the Providence that made it. Impeach a nation, you are impeaching only your own rashness and presumption. You are impeaching even the unhappy monarch whom you profess to defend. Man is everywhere the creature of circumstances. Nations are what their government make them. But France is in a state of revolt. Be it so. I demand what nation ever revolted against justice, truth, and honour? You might as well tell me, that they rebelled against the light of heaven; that they rejected the fruits of the earth; that they refused to breathe the air. Men do not thus war against their natural benefactors; they are not mad enough to repel the very instincts of preservation. I pronounce it, fearlessly, that no nation ever rose, or ever will rise, against a sincere, national, and benevolent authority. No nation was ever born blind. Infatuation is not a law of human nature. The monarchy of France was the criminal."

Another burst, which produced vast effect on the House, referred to the exclusiveness of the chief public employments.

"The people have overthrown the titles and dignities of France. I admit it. But was it from a natural hatred of those distinctions? That I deny. They are congenial to the heart of men. The national hatred lay in the sense of that intolerable injustice which turns honour into shame. For centuries, those titles and dignities were to the people not badges of honour, but brands of scorn. They were not public calls to generous emulation, but royal proclamations of everlasting contempt. They were not ramparts surrounding the state, but barriers shutting out the people. How would such insults to the common origin of man, to the common desires of distinction born with every man, be endured in this country? Is it to be wondered at, that France should have abolished them by acclamation? I contend, that this was a victory gained, not for a populace, but for a people, for all France, for twenty-eight millions of men—over a portion of society who had lost their rank, a body already sentenced by their personal inefficiency—a caste, who, like a famished garrison, had been starved by the sterility of the spot in which they had inclosed themselves; or, like the Indian devotees, had turned themselves into cripples by their pretence of a sacred superiority to the habits of the rest of mankind."

Opposition still exhibited its ranks but slightly diminished, and the chief passages of this impassioned appeal, which continued for three hours, were received with all the fervour of party. Burke then rose. Strong interest was directed to him, not merely for his eminent name, but from the public curiosity to hear his explanation of that estrangement which had been for some time spreading, under his auspices, through the leading personages of the Opposition. Like most men who have made themselves familiar with the works of a great writer, I had formed a portrait of him by anticipation. I never was more disappointed. Instead of the expressive countenance and commanding figure,



I saw a form of the middle size, and of a homely appearance, a heavy physiognomy, and the whole finished by two appurtenances which would have been fatal to the divinity of the Apollo-Belvidere, spectacles and a wig. His voice and manner were scarcely less prepossessing; the one was as abrupt and clamorous, as the other was rustic and ungraceful. He had the general look of a farmer of the better order; and seemed, at best, made to figure on a grand jury.

But I soon felt how trivial are externals in comparison of genuine ability; or perhaps, how much even their repulsiveness may add to the power of genius. I had listened but a few minutes when I forgot every thing, except that a man of the highest faculties was before me; with those faculties wrought to the highest tension by the highest subjects. Taking a line of argument, equally distinct from the leaders of the Ministry and the Opposition, he dwelt as little on the political views of England and Europe with Pitt, as he did upon the revolutionary regeneration of France and Europe with Fox. His view was wholly English; the reference of the revolutionary spirit to our own institutions. "I do not charge," he exclaimed, turning full on the Opposition bench, "individuals with conspiracy; but I charge them with giving the sanctions of their name to principles, which have in them all the germs of conspiracy. Sir, the maxim of resisting the beginnings of evil, is as sound in the concerns of nations as in the morality of individual minds. Nay, I am not sure whether mischief is not more effectually done in that incipient state, than when the evil comes full-formed. It is less perceived, and it thus destroys with impunity. The locust, before it gets its wings, destroys the crop with a still more rapacious tooth than when its armies are loading the wind.

"Honourable members have talked largely of their zeal for the constitution. Sir, I am content to follow the wisdom which judges of the faith by the works. In my humble measure, I have been a zealous worshipper of the constitution. There was a time when those honourable gentlemen and myself—and I speak of that time with the regret due to long friendship—took 'sweet counsel together,' and bowed before that common worship as friends. The time is past. We have since taken different paths. I have been charged with apostasy. What is my apostasy? That I have not followed the frenzy and ingratitude of the hour; that, while the most awful event in the history of human change has been transacting before us, I have not shut my ears and eyes to its moral; that I have not followed the throng into the valley, and there joined the fabricators of the new idolatry, the priesthood of the golden calf of revolution, and shared the polluted feast and the intoxicated dance; while the thunders of divine vengeance were rolling on the hill above."

It was obvious from his manner, and his frequent return to the topic, that that charge of deserting his party had deeply wounded his generous and sensitive nature; and nothing struck me as more characteristic of his mind, than the variety and richness of his fine amplification on this subject.

"In those ranks," said he, "I fought for nearly half of that portion of life allotted to man; certainly for that portion of my course, in which the desires, the vigour, and the applicability of all the best parts of human nature have their fullest play. I came to it a volunteer—I fought side by side with its foremost—I shared the 'winter of their discontent,' as willingly as the summer of their prosperity. I took the buffets of ill fortune, and they were many, with as cheerful a countenance and as unshaken a fidelity as any man. But when I saw a new banner raised among them, blazoned mottoes of evil, and refused to follow, who were the deserters? They or I?" As he spoke these words, he drew his otherwise rather stooping form to its full height, lifted his hand above his head, and stood like one at once demanding and defying the investigation of the empire.

The roar of applause which followed seemed to shake the very walls. He was powerfully moved; his countenance changed from its usual pallidness to strong suffusion; his hands rather tossed than waved in the air. At last I saw one of them thrust strongly into his bosom, as if the gesture was excited by some powerful recollection. "Do I speak without proof of the public hazards?" he exclaimed. "I can give you demonstration—I need invoke neither powers above nor powers below to enlighten you. I have the oracle within my hand." The House fixed all eyes upon him. He dropped his voice, and spoke with a faint, but clear tone which formed a remarkable contrast to his usually bold, and even harsh enunciation. "Sir," said he, in this half-whispered voice, "before I join these gentlemen in their worship, I must know what deity presides in their temple; I must see that the incense which fumes before its altar is taken from the sacred repositories of the constitution, not the smuggled importation of foreign fabrications of revolt—that pernicious compound of civil mischief and mad metaphysics—which, instead of consummating and purifying the sacrifice, only poisons the air. I must see something of the priest too, before I join in his aspirations; I must see that he is lawfully inducted to his office, that he is not a rebel in the garb of loyalty—a blasphemer where he professes to pray, and a traitor where he propounds allegiance."

Fox here, evidently taking the description to himself, exhibited palpable signs of displeasure. Burke caught the expression at once, and instantly changed the whole current of his conceptions. "If," said he, "the honourable gentleman thinks that I designate him as the high-priest of this new worship, he does me as much injustice as himself. No, no! When we shall see the republican Pantheon thrown open, he, and such as he, will not be called to officiate at the altar. He is much more likely to be the victim. The popular ornaments, now flung so lavishly upon him, will find no further favour, than the speedier offering on the same abhorred altar, which reeks with so much of the best blood of France." Here a corpulent noble, peculiarly hostile to Burke, laughed contemptuously. The orator instantly turned upon him. "True," said he, "there may be a good deal of variety in that procession. There may be the mummer as well as the priest; it may have the mountebank selling his potions, and playing his tricks, as well as the sacrificer with his axe—unless the ambition of the bloated performer should prefer to combine the offices, and be at once the butcher and the buffoon."

The hit was felt on all sides, and the laughter was unbounded. He then rose, as was his custom, into a higher strain. "I can imagine that procession," said he, "or rather, that triumph, of the principles of change. Like the return of the classical Bacchus from his Indian conquests, the demigod," and he now cast a look at Fox, "secure of supremacy, exulting in his prowess, and thinking the civilized world at his feet; but not without the companionship of his trusty Silenus"—and here he turned his glance on the noble lord—"that veteran follower, whose ambition is limited to his cups, and the vigor of whose fidelity is shown only in the constancy of his intoxication; the whole procession being drawn by the wild lords of the forest and the wilderness, who, harnessed as they may be for the moment, will no sooner find their food stinted, than they will resume the natural instincts of the lion and the tiger, turn on their drivers and devour them."

"But, sir," he exclaimed, turning to the chair, "I have higher topics, and to those I now call the attention of the representatives of England. I have al-

luded to the revolutionary temple. I here have its deity." With these words, he plucked from his bosom a large dagger, held it for a moment up to the light, and then flung it at the foot of the table. The astonishment, and even the alarm, of the whole assembly was beyond description. They all started from their seats, as if assassination had stood before them in a visible shape. Some crowded round Burke, some seized the dagger, which was eventually carried to the Speaker, and became the object of curiosity. All was confusion for a considerable time. At length Burke, in a few words delivered in his most impressive tone, explained the phenomenon. "That dagger," said he, "is one of thousands, perhaps of millions, which the preachers of philosophy are now forging for popular conviction. You see by its construction it is equally fitted for the head of a pike, or for a dagger—equally serviceable in tearing down the monarchy in the field, or stabbing its friends in their chambers. You have it, at once the emblem of rebellion and assassination. Those are the arguments of the new school—those are the instruments by which the limbs of the state are to be amputated, for replacement by the inventions of revolutionary mechanists. Those are the keys by which the locks of cabinets and councils are henceforth to be opened, and the secrets of national wealth laid bare to the rapacity of the rabble." After this speech nothing was listened to.

The debate had been prolonged through the greater part of the night, and yet such was the interest felt in its subject, that the streets in the neighbourhood continued crowded to the last. All the hotels and coffee-houses were filled with people waiting for the division. Groups, with lighted torches, were lingering everywhere, and passing the intelligence along, as a member happened casually to make his appearance in the course of the night; shouts and expressions of wrath alternately arose, according to the nature of the intelligence, and a species of open-air legislature was held during one of the bitterest nights of winter, with discussions as active, though perhaps not altogether so classical, as those within; yet totally free from tumult, and in the spirit of a people who live with a constant reference to the laws. The rush of the members to the porch, on the breaking up of the debate, produced a corresponding rush of the multitude. Public curiosity was roused to its wildest height—every public sentiment had its full expression; and whether the acclamation was louder when Fox's corpulent frame was seen toiling its slow way through the pressure, or when Pitt's slender figure and passionless face was recognised, is a question which might have perplexed the keenest investigators of popular sentiment. All was that uproar in which the Englishman delights as a portion of his freedom.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

BY A GERMAN OFFICER IN THE SWEDISH SERVICE.

When I saw King Charles John for the first time, he was in his sixty-fourth year, but, from his glossy black hair, his fine figure, retaining all the vigour of his prime, and the vivacity and agility of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His angular, marked, but extremely pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large, brilliant eyes, composed a whole, the highly intellectual and, at the same time, amiable expression of which was extremely fascinating. The gaze of his eagle eye, which fixed upon and penetrated any one who was conversing with him, had such a spell, that I think it would have been very difficult to tell the king to his face an untruth, without confusion or trepidation. I have seen courtiers and placemen, whose consciences might not be perfectly clear, stand abashed and confounded, as if thunderstruck, by that piercing look, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the heart. Bernadotte appeared to be aware of this effect of his looks, and he is said to have formed beforehand an unfavourable opinion of those who could not bear their scrutiny.

The expression of that searching eye changed with inconceivable rapidity. On my return to Stockholm, after a long journey, which I had performed, as the bearer of despatches on matters of great importance, with such expedition that it was noticed as an extraordinary circumstance both in the German and French newspapers, I waited immediately upon the king, and, being admitted to his presence, had occasion to observe the expression of the kindest benevolence in his face suddenly changed into the flashing look of indignation. He had laid upon the table the despatches which I had brought, and, while he carelessly sprinkled me from a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as he frequently did, to take off the smell of tobacco, to which he had a strong aversion, he put various questions, to which I gave satisfactory answers. At last, he inquired in what time I had performed the journey. When I mentioned the precise number of days and hours, his eyes, till then all kindness, all at once darted at me an annihilating look. "Monsieur," he thundered forth, "*souvenez vous que c'est moi que vous parlez, et que je ne souffre pas les mauvaises plaisanteries.*" I assured him most respectfully that nothing was further from my intention than to take such a liberty; but it was not till he opened the letters, and found the truth of my statement confirmed by the date of them, that his good-humour returned.

For the rest, there was nothing whatever in his manner that tended to intimidate; on the contrary, he possessed in the highest degree the talent so useful to a sovereign, of saying to every one what was likely to be most agreeable to him, and of so prepossessing by his conversation all who approached him that they went away delighted. Of his extraordinary power of persuasion, and the great effect of his personal appearance, I will give a remarkable instance. When on one occasion (I forget in what year) the Norwegian Storting, which as every body knows, is always in opposition to the government, had again rejected all the propositions of the latter, and a formal breach was anticipated, the king, on receiving this intelligence, attended by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to Christiania, where he arrived quite unexpectedly. He spoke the same evening with some of the leading members, went on the following day to the assembly, harangued it, and in a short time produced such a change of sentiments that the ferment subsided, order and tranquillity were restored, and the measures proposed by the government, which were in reality fit and moderate, were adopted.

This faculty of rendering himself beloved, not by words alone, but by real kindness and beneficence, contributed not a little to raise him to the throne of Sweden. Other French marshals had acquired as high military reputation as Bernadotte, but by his longer residence at Anspach, and subsequently in Hanover, he had gained the character of a good, just, and clement governor, and, by his humane treatment of the Swedes taken prisoners by him near Lubeck, in the campaign of 1806, that of a noble and generous enemy. In this Swedish corps were several officers belonging to the most influential families in Sweden, who, fascinated by the amiable disposition of the marshal, and by the lively interest with which he inquired concerning the state of their country, carried home with them a high idea of his acute, comprehensive mind, and pro-



found gratitude for his favours. The influence of these officers and their families contributed not a little to the election of the marshal as Crown-Prince of Sweden at the diet of Oerebro, in 1810.

The opinion which has prevailed that the object of the Swedes in electing a French Marshal was to flatter Napoleon, who was then all-powerful, is erroneous. The Swedes knew, as well as every one who was at all acquainted with the state of things at the French court, that for a long time past the emperor could not endure Bernadotte, and that he was even in some respects afraid of him. Napoleon neither wished nor favoured the election of the Prince of Ponte Corvo as Crown-Prince of Sweden. He knew the character of this man, who had on several occasions openly and boldly opposed him, and was but too well aware that Bernadotte would never stoop to the subordinate and degrading part of a French prefect, to which the emperor doomed his brothers and relatives whom he invested with European sovereignties. Experience showed that he was not mistaken, for he soon received the strongest proofs that his former marshal had become in heart and soul a Swede, and that, as might be expected of such a man, he preferred the interest of the country which had adopted him to that of the country in which he happened to be born.

The continental system, that fixed idea of the emperor, to which he sacrificed so much, and by which he plunged into misery and estranged whole nations, who might otherwise have been and remained devoted to him—the continental system was the rock upon which the good understanding hitherto kept up, apparently at least, between these two extraordinary men, suffered shipwreck. The introduction of the continental system, required unconditionally by Napoleon, would have been a death-blow to the commerce of Sweden; the Crown-Prince wrote to this effect to the emperor, and when the latter persisted in his unreasonable demand, flatly refused to comply. I have myself had occasion to peruse great part of this correspondence, which is stamped on the part of Napoleon with the character of despotism and irritability; and on the part of the Crown-Prince with that of a firm, dignified resistance, of a bold, noble independence, and a perfect consciousness of the duties which he owed to his new country. The emperor, in his letters, calls the Crown-Prince a traitor a rebel; and the latter replies that he should deserve those names, if, unmindful of his oath and his engagements, he should sacrifice the interests of Sweden to those of France. The conduct of Bernadotte on this occasion was as prudent as that of Napoleon was impolitic.

I have frequently heard it alleged as a ground of reproach against the Crown-Prince of Sweden, by Prussian officers more especially, but also by Swedish, that his conduct during the campaign of 1813 was not frank and straightforward—that he was not to be trusted—that he let slip several opportunities of beating the French, and, on the other hand, seized every occasion to spare them, and that, on this account, he led his own troops, the Swedes, into action as little as possible. This imputation is not quite just. The Crown-Prince of Sweden could not have a real interest in sparing the French, or, to speak more correctly, Napoleon: on the contrary, it was decidedly to his interest to annihilate him,—for he knew his former commander too well not to be thoroughly convinced that if he should come off conqueror from the conflict for life and death, he would never forgive the conduct of Bernadotte, nor forego his revenge. If he took the field against his countrymen without ardour, nay, with a certain lukewarmness, or even repugnance, this, in my opinion, rather redounds to his honour, and the more so as, from the very first, he communicated his views to his allies, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and not only advised them to drive the French out of Germany, but insisted that there could be no question of peace with Napoleon while a single French soldier remained on German ground. It is true that he strove also to persuade the two sovereigns not to enter France, frankly declaring that, though he was ready to co-operate in the first mentioned object with all his might, he would not contribute in any way to the occupation of France.

About this period, he wrote several times, with the knowledge of the monarchs of Russia and Prussia, to Napoleon earnestly exhorting him to peace, strongly and clearly representing to him the impossibility of any long resistance in his situation, and accurately predicting what must befall him if he would not lend a hand to peace. As this advice proved fruitless, Bernadotte cheerfully and honestly assisted in clearing the German territory of the French. If, in so doing, he manifested no hatred, no personal enmity to them, this is as natural as the animosity of the Prussians, who had great outrages to revenge; and I will take leave to add that these latter, perhaps, conceived themselves authorised to censure with the more severity this coolness of the commander-in-chief, because they could not help recollecting that this was the same general who, in 1806, had proved to them near Halle that he was not deficient in energy.

The rather remarkable supineness of the Crown-Prince at Grossbeeren, where he placed his whole Swedish corps, with the exception of the artillery, which, under General Cardell, contributed materially to the victory, in the reserve, and would not suffer it to take part in the engagement, proceeded from the motive already touched upon—his reluctance, unseasonably indulged, it is true, to permit his own troops to act against the French.

"The point," said he, "was to save Berlin. It was but just that the Prussians should fight in first line for their capital, and that the Swedes should be there to afford assistance only in case of defeat. Thanks to my dispositions, to the ability with which they were executed by the Prussian generals, and to the enthusiasm and valour of their troops, that assistance was not necessary."

These sentiments I have heard Charles John himself express more than once, if not in the same words, yet in others of precisely the same signification. After the battle of Leipzig, the Crown-Prince separated from the allies, operated with his army against the Danes, and subsequently against the French in Belgium; and, adhering to his principle, halted his Swedish corps on the French frontier, which he would not allow it to cross.

Bernadotte's way of living was extremely simple. To his established habit of temperance, he owed the astonishing conservation of his person and his robust health. Very often, indeed generally, he passed great part of the forenoon in bed, where, however, from eight o'clock, he gave audience and transacted business. About two, he generally rode out in fine weather, and frequently repaired to his favourite retreat, the elegant little palace of Rosendal, built by himself, in the park, and tastefully fitted up and furnished, where he sometimes dined. He rarely visited the table of the queen, who regularly dined with the gentlemen and ladies in attendance on her. In general, the king dined in company with only two or three men, courtiers of distinction, high officers of state, scholars, foreigners, or other interesting persons, with whom he wished to converse. He seldom went to the theatre, chiefly because he was not sufficiently conversant with the Swedish language. The last hours of the day he spent either in writing, or in the family circle.

With pleasure and with just pride, the thoughts of Charles John dwelt upon

his earlier career, and he frequently spoke with fondness of the time when he held the very lowest military ranks. "Lorsque j'étais sergent," or, "A cette époque je venais d'être nommé officier,"—were expressions which I have often heard him use. He had an astonishing memory for old comrades and acquaintance, and when I was first introduced to him, I had to give him all the information I could concerning a great number of his old companions in arms. On many of them, who fell into distress, he conferred substantial favours, but he adopted the prudent resolution not to permit any of them to come to Sweden. On this point he has been so consistent that he had about him but a single Frenchman, his foster-brother, General Camps, and that, as far as I know, none of his relations, who are people of good property, ever came to Sweden. Had not the king adhered so firmly to this principle, a great number of Frenchmen, dissatisfied with the government of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, would gradually have found their way to Sweden to importune their former general with applications for appointments, the granting of which would have been mortifying to the Swedes.

Though the king, as I have already observed, generally lay long abed, he was attentive to his health, rarely rode on horseback, scarcely ever went a-hunting, and in general exposed himself to as little fatigue as possible, still he could upon occasion, in spite of his age, endure more than even the younger of his attendants liked to encounter. In great manoeuvres, I have seen the king for several successive days, passing eight or ten hours on horseback, and distinguished by his noble military bearing, and the great simplicity of his dress, among the brilliant uniforms of his numerous staff. His frequent journeys to Norway were often performed with the utmost celerity, in winter, in the most intense cold, and on roads which in that season are not always the best.

I shall here introduce one trait from Bernadotte's life, which does him great honour, and attests as well his integrity as his powers of persuasion, and the influence which he always exercised upon those around him. At the breaking out of the Revolution in 1789, Bernadotte had recently been appointed sergeant by his captain. This captain, a native of the same province as himself, and who wished him well, had often reproved him for his fondness for the revolutionary ideas which were gradually gaining ground, assuring him that they could not lead to any good; and declaring that he was "une mauvaise tête," and, in spite of his superior education and acquirements, he would come to nothing. When the troubles actually commenced, and order and discipline were banished from the army, several regiments deposed their officers, or refused to obey them, and elected others out of their own midst. The regiment to which Bernadotte belonged followed this example, arrested its colonel and its officers, and unanimously chose Sergeant Bernadotte for its commander.

Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy.

"Above all," he thus concluded his speech, "I must impress it upon you, that without discipline no military body can subsist, and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience."

"That we will," cried the men, with one voice.

"It follows of course then," resumed the sergeant-colonel, "that whoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?"

"We swear it!" responded the soldiers.

Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged, and on which he could reckon implicitly—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment.

"Soldiers," said he, taking the hand of the colonel, "you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me: I now command you to recognise again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end—I resign it to our former chief."

The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment, of which Bernadotte then assumed the command.

In process of time, when he came as Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte-Corvo to Anspach, he there met with his former captain, who had emigrated and made that place his residence. He received him with great cordiality, offered him his services, invited him to his table, and introduced him to his officers as his old chief, by whom he had been made subaltern.

"Vous voyez," said he to him, smiling, "que, malgré ma mauvaise tête, et vos prédictions, je n'ai pas trop mal fait mon chemin."

But, notwithstanding his good-nature and amiable disposition, Bernadotte knew perfectly well how to refuse importunate petitioners in an indirect way. After he had become marshal, he had an aide-de-camp, who had done him good service, but for which he had already been rewarded with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the legion of honour. Not content, however, he seized every opportunity to urge his chief to propose him for colonel. One evening, after this officer had, even in the presence of his comrades, taken the liberty to make palpable allusions to unrequited services, slow promotion, and the like, the marshal related the following apologue.

"When I was still a subaltern, I once went with some of my comrades to see the performances of a company of dogs. I was delighted, and still more astonished at the dexterity of these animals, and asked the proprietor how he contrived to bring his pupils into such admirable training."

"If," said he, "you will come to-morrow about noon, you will comprehend at once my system of education; it is extremely simple."

"I did not fail to attend at the appointed hour, and the master began with one of the older dogs, and which was already trained, but which, it seemed, needed another lesson. Showing to the animal a large tempting piece of meat, he held it up in his hand: the dog danced capitably, and did all that was required of him. When this had continued for some time, I begged the man not to make the docile brute wait any longer for his reward, and to give him the meat."

"Oh, no! not yet," he replied; "you don't understand it. So long as I show the dog the meat, he works hard in the hope of getting it; but as soon as he has attained the object of his wishes, he flings himself down, and will not stir without driving."

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the



bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. Whether this is true or not, I cannot tell; but the king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The Crown-Prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Several biographical accounts of Charles John have appeared, some of which, especially that by Touchard Lafosse, though considered somewhat romantic, is said to be tolerably faithful. It is, however, to be hoped that the memoirs of this remarkable man, which he is reported to have dictated to one of his orderly officers, will be given to the public. They must furnish the most interesting elucidations of many still dark points in the history of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire.

The private life of Charles John, as husband and father, was irreproachable. Even busy Fame, with her thousand tongues, has nothing but good to relate, and the *chronique scandaleuse* is silent. Particularly praiseworthy was his behaviour towards his adoptive parents, Charles XIII. and his consort, born Princess of Holstein, the latter of whom, it is said, could not endure him. The Crown-Prince has the reputation of having uniformly paid them all the attentions of a dutiful son, and all the respect of an obedient subject; and of having always spoken of his adoptive father with reverence and affection.

If the king was an imposing character, as well on account of the glory which he had acquired, and the grand recollections attached to his person, as on account of that person itself, you can scarcely meet with a handsomer and more interesting couple in every respect than his son, the present king and his consort. King Oscar combines expressive features, of extraordinary beauty, with a fine manly figure. His eyes are of that dark black, which a French lady once described as "des yeux de velours noir doré de feu;" and their looks attest superior understanding, firmness, and resolution, united with a kindness which there is no mistaking. In a certain respect, the character of Oscar may be better suited to the Swedes than that of his father. The chief fault found with the latter is, that he always promised more than he could or meant to perform. In his desire to render himself beloved, and to satisfy every body, it happened not unfrequently that he granted petitions, though he well knew that the thing was impossible in the execution. Hence arose many disappointments, much ill blood, and want of confidence in the royal word. Oscar, on the other hand, has hitherto promised but little and rarely: he listened to people quietly and sympathisingly, investigated their rights, their claims, and the greater or less probability of the success of their efforts and wishes, frankly expressed his opinion on the subject, assisted when it was in his power, but took good care not to excite false hopes. For the rest, Oscar as a member of the council of state, as commanding general, as chief of the artillery, and high admiral has always proved himself an efficient man of business, an accomplished officer, a just and paternal chief. He is beloved by the people, the army, and the fleet; and it is alleged that the frequent manifestations of this love and attachment were rather displeasing to his predecessor, and that this was the real cause why the prince had recently withdrawn from almost all business, and relinquished almost all direct influence, in order to occupy himself with the sciences, the fine arts, and the education of his highly-gifted children.

In the opinion of all who know him, an opinion to which I cheerfully subscribe, Oscar must be numbered among the most distinguished sovereigns of Europe. With a lively sense for all that is good and true, with calm manly courage, with a sincere aspiration to what is excellent, he unites a highly cultivated mind and strong natural talents. He is said to be, in particular, a clever mathematician and a good astronomer, and I have myself often had occasion to admire his abilities as a musician and composer.

"Quel dommage," once exclaimed an old French lady, when I was describing Prince Oscar to her, "quel dommage, que tout cela ne soit pas légitime."

The present queen, a daughter of the noble Duke of Leuchtenberg, not only surpasses the ladies of the court in beauty and grace, but sets them a pattern of every female virtue. She has hitherto abstained from all influence, immediate or mediate, on public affairs. For the rest, amiableness is innate and inherent in the whole family of Leuchtenberg. With all the most amiable traits of French mind, "solide dans le sérieux, et charmant dans les bagatelles," the members of this house combine the noblest and most valuable qualities of the German national character; and they have thereby acquired, wherever Providence has called them, the attachment of their subjects, or the love of those around them.

War Office, Aug. 19.—Lt. J. E. Fleming, from 37th Foot, to be Lt. v. Hobson, who exch. 1st or Gren. Regt. of Ft. Grds.: Ens. and Lt. S. Graham to be Lt. and Capt. by pur. v. Sir J. W. Drummond, who rets.; B. W. Hotham, Gent. to be Ens. and Lt. by pur. v. Graham. 15th Ft.: Ens. H. B. Stuart, from 68th Ft., to be Ens. v. Dering, who exch. 28th Ft.: Lt. W. J. J. Smith, from 55th Ft. to be Lt. v. Aiken, app. to 37th Ft.: Lt. S. L. H. Hobson, from 17th Light Drags. to be Lt. v. Fleming, who exch. 52nd Foot: Ens. W. Fuller to be Adj. v. Corden, who res. the Adj. cy only. 53rd Foot: Lt. J. Walker, from 74th Ft. to be Lt. v. Fane, who exchs. 56th Foot: Capt. A. Cuppage, from half-pay Unatt. to be Capt. v. R. P. Ince, who exch.; Lt. A. W. Byles to be Capt. by pur. v. Cuppage, who rets.; Ens. C. E. Thornton, to be Lt. by pur. v. Byles; J. P. Woolcock, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Thornton. 60th Ft.: Capt. F. Murray to be Major by pur. v. Wilford, who rets.; Lt. W. M. Wood to be Capt. by pur. v. Murray; 2nd Lt. H. L. Bruyeres to be 1st Lt. by pur. v. Thurlow, prom.; 2nd Lt. W. B. Parker, to be 1st Lt. by pur. v. Wood; R. W. Aldworth, Gent. to be 2nd Lt. by pur. v. Bruyeres; J. H. Payne, Gent., to be 2nd Lt. by pur. v. Parker. 63rd Foot: Lt. G. H. Cox, from 1st W. I. Regt., to be Lt. v. Fowle, prom. 68th Foot: Ens. H. H. Greer, to be Lt., by pur. v. Horner, who rets.; Ens. E. H. Dering, from 15th Foot, to be Ens. v. Stuart, who exch.; H. Morent, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Greer. 69th Foot: F. W. Bennett, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Carter, app. to 6th Drag. Grds. 74th Foot: Lt. the Hon. F. W. H. Fane, from the 53rd Foot, to be Lt. v. Walker, who exch. 1st W. I. Regt.: G. W. Powell, Gent., to be Asst.-Surg. 2nd W. I. Regt.: E. B. Tuson, Gent. to be Asst.-Surg.

Memorandum.—The appointment of John Rochfort, Gent. to be Ens., in 3d Foot, on 24th May, 1844, has been can.

War-Office, August 20.—9th Lt. Drags: Vet.-Surg. R. J. G. Hurford, from 16th Lt. Drags. to be Vet.-Surg. v. G. Johnson, who ret. upon h.-p.—14th Lt. Drags: Cor. F. D. Gray to be Lt. without pur. v. Horton, dec.; Cor. G. A. Foster, from 16th Lt. Drags. to be Cor. v. Gray.—16th Lt. Drags: Serg.-Mjr. W. Clarkson to be Cor. without pur. v. Vizard, dec.—11th Ft.: M. S.

Crooke, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bewes, prom.—17th: Ens. R. P. O'Shea to be Lt. without pur. v. Hunter, dec.; Ens. W. H. H. Ellison to be Lt. without pur. v. O'Shea, whose prom. on 2nd Aug. 1844, has been can.—C. P. Belton, Gent. to be Ens. v. Ellison.—18th: Capt. C. P. Trepand, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. Mitford, who exchs.; Lt. A. Murray to be Capt. by pur. v. Trepand, who ret.; Ens. G. H. Cazalet, from 83rd Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Murray.—19th: Lt. J. Fowke, from h.-p. 68th Ft. to be Lt. v. Langley, prom.; Ens. J. L. R. Rooke to be Lt. by pur. v. Fowke, who ret.; W. H. Warner, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Rooke. 23rd: Mjr. A. Champain, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Mjr. v. W. Cockell, who exchs. receiving the difference; Capt. H. Seymour to be Mjr. by pur. v. Champain, who ret.; Lt. G. Ferguson to be Capt. by pur. v. Seymour; 2nd Lt. P. L. Phillips to be 1st Lt. by pur. v. Ferguson; L. Agassiz, Gent. to be 2nd Lt. by pur. v. Phillips.—41st: Ens. T. C. Taylor to be Lt. by pur. v. De Blaquiere, prom. in 3rd W. I. Regt.; J. W. N. B. Parry, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Taylor.—44th: Capt. the Hon. S. G. G. Foley, from 53rd Ft. to be Capt. v. Carter, who exchs.; Lt. Sir T. Erskine, from 71st Ft. to be Lt. v. Carey, who exchs.—49th: F. J. Bamfylde Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Cust, app. to 1st or Gren. Regt. Ft. Grds.—51st: Sgt.-Mjr. R. Shean to be Qr.-mas. v. Kenny, who ret. upon h.-p.—53rd: Capt. J. C. L. Carter, from 44th Ft. to be Capt. v. Foley, who exchs.—62nd: Lt. J. H. T. Hutchins to be Capt. without pur. v. Evatt, dec.; Ens. M. Kelly to be Lt. v. Hutchins; A. A. Cross, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Kelly.—71st: Lt. J. L. M. Carey, from 44th Ft. to be Lt. v. Erskine, who exchs.—83rd: T. Adams Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Cazalet prom. in 18th Ft. 94th; Capt. C. Cotton to be Mjr. without pur. v. Lindsay, dec.; Lt. H. G. Buller to be Capt. v. Cotton; Ens. T. H. Stoddard to be Lt. v. Buller; Ens. J. A. Sykes to be Lt. v. Stoddard, whose prom. on 2d Aug. 1844, has been can.; R. T. Hearn, Gent. to be Ens. v. Edwards, dec.; J. Buchanan, Gent. to be Ens. v. Sykes. 3d W. I. Regt.: Capt. I. Walker, from h.-p. 45th Ft. to be Capt. v. Smales, ap. Pm. of 1st Drag. Gds.: Lt. the Hon. J. de Blaquiere, from 41st Ft. to be Capt. by pur. v. Walker, who ret.—Brevet: Mjr. A. Champain, 23d Ft. to be Lt. Col. in the Army; Capt. I. Walker, 3d W. I. Regt. to be Mjr. in the Army.

War-Office, August 23.—1st Drag. Gds.—S. R. Brice, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Bence, prom. 7th Drag. Gds.; R. Johnston, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Robinson, ap. to 72nd Ft. 8th Lt. Drags.; Capt. F. G. Shewell to be Mjr. by pur. v. Cholmeley, who ret.; Lt. C. J. Longmore to be Capt. by pur. v. Shewell; Lt. H. S. Pakenham, from 72nd Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Longmore. 1st (the Ryl.) Regt. of Ft. A. R. Mowbray, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Mein, whose ap. has been can. Aug. 23. 7th; Lt. the Hon. C. L. Hare to be Capt. by pur. v. Thurlow, who ret.; Lt. H. A. Porter, from 44th Ft. to be Lt. v. Floyd, ap. to 54th Ft.; Ens. J. D. Verner, from 47th Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Hare. 22d; Lt. R. C. Jones, from 26th Ft. to be Lt. v. Andrews, who ex. 24th; Ens. and Adj. G. E. L. Williams to have the rank of Lt.; Lt. F. C. Skurray, from h.-p. 49th Ft. to be Lt. v. T. Hodgetts, who ex. 25th; Capt. J. Impett, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. Peacock, who ex. 26th Lt. T. Andrews, from 22nd Ft. to be Lt. v. Jones, who ex.; 36th; Capt. H. Pratt, from h.-p. 58th Ft. to be Capt. v. Mauleverer, who ex.; Lt. E. C. Butler to be Capt. by pur. v. Pratt, who ret.; Ens. J. M. Pochin to be Lt. by pur. v. Butler; G. Birnie, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Pochin. 42nd; Capt. T. White, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. Lord C. L. Kerr, who ex. 44th; Lt. C. H. M. Smith to be Capt. by pur. v. Puleston, who ret. Lt. F. S. Daubeney, from 55th Ft., to be Lt., v. Porter, app. to the 7th Ft.; Ens. W. Faussett to be Lt., by pur. v. Smith; C. Chamberlain, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Faussett; Lt. J. A. L. Philipps to be Adj. v. Smith, prom. 47th—W. F. A. Rooke, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Verner, prom. in 7th Ft. 49th—Ens. J. H. Higgs to be Lt., without pur., v. Shakespear, dec.; Ens. M'Crea, from 53rd Ft., to be Ens. v. Biggs. 53rd—W. G. Spiller, Gent. to be Ens., without pur., v. M'Crea, app. to 49th Ft. 59th—E. G. Byam to be Lt., by pur., v. Perrott, who ret.; T. B. Williams, Gent. to be Ens., by pur. v. Byam. 61st—Lt. J. F. Brickdale to be Adj., v. Deacon, prom.; Ens. A. Grant to be Lt., without pur.; R. G. Blackenbury, Gent. to be Ens., v. Grant. 64th—Asst.-Surg. W. Purdon, M.D., from the Staff, to be Asst.-Surg. v. Brownson, who exch. 72nd—Ens. J. Mackenzie to be Lt., by pur. v. Pakenham, app. to the 8th Lt. Drag.; Cor. D. Robinson, from 7th Drag. Grds. to be Ens., v. Mackenzie. 79th—Lt. R. C. H. Taylor to be Capt., by pur., v. Butler, who ret.; Ens. W. T. W. Wood to be Lt., by pur., v. Taylor; T. Maitland, Gent. to be Ens., by pur., v. Wood. Rifle Brigade—C. V. Oxenden, Gent. to be 2nd Lt., by pur., v. Hildyard, who ret.; Lt. J. Newbury, from 89th Ft., to be Paymaster, v. Middleton, app. to a recruiting district. W. I. Regts.—Asst.-Surg. W. Robinson, M.D., from the Staff, to be Regimental Surgeon to be attached to the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd W. I. Regts., as the exigencies of the Service may require. 2nd W. I. Regt.—Ens. T. B. Tuite to be Lt., by pur., v. Maxwell, who ret.; G. G. Griffith, Gent. to be Ens., by pur., v. Tuite. Ceylon Rifle Regt.—2nd Lt. A. Deane, to be 1st Lt., by pur., v. Colley, whose promotion has been cancelled; Lt. J. Gillespie, from half-pay 5th Garrison Batt., to be Lt. v. Phelan, prom.; 2nd Lt. J. A. Layard to be 1st Lt., by pur., v. Gillespie, who ret.; D. D. Graham, Gent. to be 2nd Lt., by pur., v. Layard; G. S. Dwyer, Gent. to be 2nd Lt., without pur., v. Dean, prom.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Asst.-Surg. W. H. Brownson, M.D., from 64th Ft., to be Asst.-Surg. to the Forces, v. Purdon, who exch.

Brevet.—Capt. H. Pratt, 36th Ft., to be Mjr. in the Army.

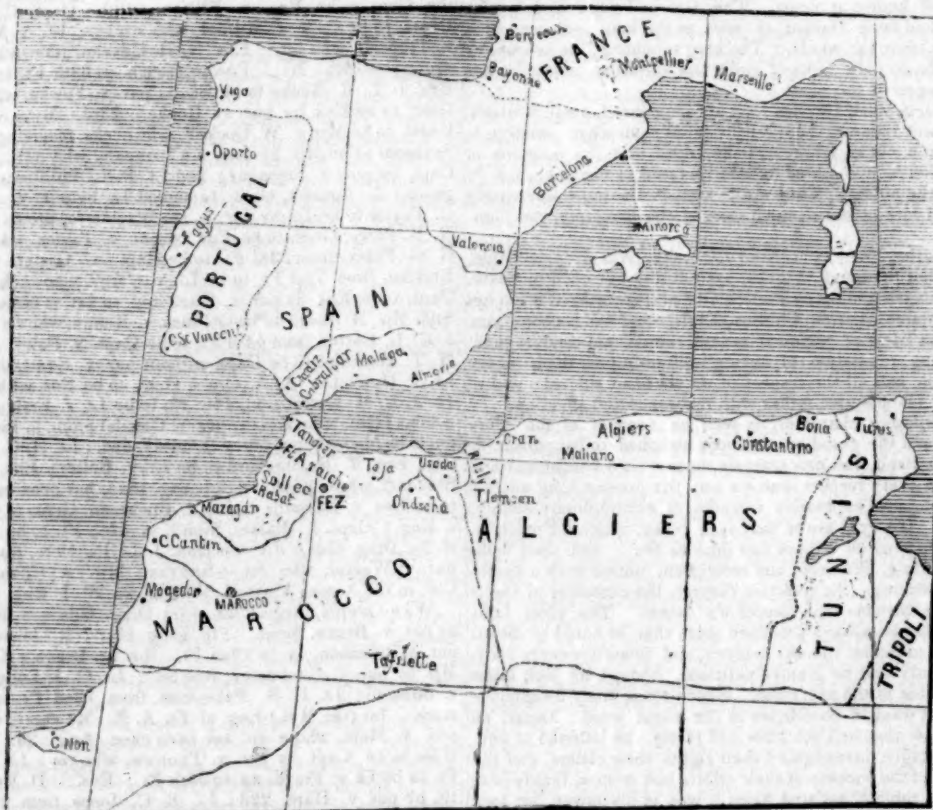
MEMORANDUM.—The commission of Lt. C. C. Trott, of Roll's Regiment, has been cancelled, he having accepted a commutation for his military allowance.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, August 26.—Corps of Ryl. Engineers: 1st Lieut. C. F. Skyring to be 2d Capt., v. Coddington, seconded; 2d Lieut. J. W. Lovell to be 1st Lieut., v. Skyring.

War-Office, Aug. 30.—11th Regt. Ft.: Capt. L. C. Conran, from 56th Ft., to be Capt. v. Cox, who exchs.—42d: Capt. C. B. Grey, from h.-p. 9th Light Drags., to be Capt. v. W. Beales, who exchs.; Lt. A. W. Macdonald to be Capt. v. Grey, who rets.; Ens. the Hon. G. H. E. Grant to be Lt. by pur. v. Macdonald; C. C. Graham, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Grant.—45th Lt. H. T. Vials to be Capt. by pur. v. Williams, who rets.; Ens. J. M'Crea to be Lt. by pur. v. Vials; W. L. Woodford, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. M'Crea.—56th: Capt. S. S. Cox, from 11th Ft., to be Capt. v. Conran, who exchs.—77th: Ens. G. H. S. Willis to be Lt. by pur. v. Rooke, who rets.; St. L. Gordon, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Willis.—88th: Ens. J. G. Crosse to be Lt. by pur. v. Lallan, who rets.; B. B. Mauleverer, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Crosse.—89th: Lt. G. L. D. Amiel, from 55th Ft., to be Lt., v. Newbury, app. Paym. Rifle Brig.—97th: Ens. S. M. Hawkins to be Lieut. by pur. v. Corrance, who rets.; C. H. Lamley, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Hawkins.—2d W. I. Regt.: C. J. G. Williams, Gent., to be Ens. without pur. v. Whelan, dec.—Brevet: Capt. C. B. Grey, 42d Ft., to be Maj. in the Army, Jan. 10, 1837.



## SEAT OF WAR IN MOROCCO.



The above is a sketch, sufficiently accurate for the purpose, of the coast of Morocco and Algiers, which will render the subjoined accounts of Marshal Bugeaud's battle of Isly, and of the Prince de Joinville's bombardment of Mogadore, more intelligible. The value of the sea-coast of Morocco will be recognised at a glance. The stretch of the Algerine coast is wide; but, if that of Morocco were added to it, the importance of Gibraltar would be neutralised, and France would become mistress of the Mediterranean. Mogadore, it will be seen, is the nearest seaport to the capital. The distance is 120 miles. Should the war with Morocco be suffered to lie over till next Spring, it is probable that one French army will advance upon Fez from Oran, and another upon Morocco from Mogadore.

The sketch exhibits with remarkable clearness the whole territory of Morocco and Algiers, and will be a valuable aid to those who desire to follow the operations of the French arms, whether by land or sea.

## DESTRUCTION OF MOGADORE.

The destruction of Mogadore, the first seaport of Morocco, the emporium of its commerce, and the mart of European trade, has followed rapidly on the bombardment of Tangier. On the 8th the prince sailed from that port; on the 15th the town and fortifications of Mogadore were levelled with the ground. The only information respecting the action we have yet received is contained in the following telegraphic despatch of the Prince de Joinville.—

Mogadore, August 17.

“THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE TO THE MINISTER OF MARINE.

“On the 15th we attacked Mogadore.

“After having destroyed (*ecrasé*) the town and its batteries we took possession of the island and the port.

“Seventy-eight men, of which seven are officers, have been killed and wounded.

“I am occupied in placing a garrison in the island, and I have ordered the blockade of the port.”

## PRINCE D'JOINVILLE'S DESPATCH FROM MOGADORE.

“Steam-boat Pluton, Mogadore, Aug. 17.

“I arrived before Mogadore on the 11th instant; the weather was extremely bad, and during several days we remained at anchor before the town without having been able to communicate even amongst ourselves. Notwithstanding we had let out 200 fathoms of chain cable, our anchors broke like glass.

“In fine on the 15th, the weather having become moderate, I took advantage of the change to attack the town.

“The ships-of-the-line *Gemannes* and *Triton* proceeded to take up a position opposite the western batteries, with orders to batter them, and to open a fire against the rear of the marine batteries. The *Suffren* and the *Belle Poule* took their station in the northern channel. It was one o'clock, p. m., when our movement commenced.

“The moment the Arabs saw the ships approaching the town, all the batteries commenced firing. We waited to return the fire until each vessel was at its post. At half past four the firing began to slacken; the brigs *Casard*, *Volage*, and *Argus* then entered the harbour, and placed themselves close to the batteries of the island, with which they exchanged a pretty brisk fire. At last, about half-past five, the steamers, carrying 500 soldiers, entered the Channel, placed themselves in the intervals that separated the brigs, and a landing was immediately effected.

“The island was defended with the courage of despair by 320 Moors and Kabyles, who composed the garrison. A great number was killed, 140 who had retired into a mosque ultimately surrendered.

“Our losses on that day amounted to 14 killed, and 64 wounded.

“The island once taken, we resolved to destroy the batteries of the town facing the roads, which had been already greatly damaged by our artillery. It was indispensable to render them altogether unavailable to the enemy.

“Yesterday accordingly, 500 men were landed under the protection of the cross fire of three steamers and two brigs; they experienced no resistance. We spiked and threw several guns into the sea, and carried away others; the powder magazines were flooded; finally, we brought off or sunk all the boats in the harbour.

“I think we might have penetrated at the time, without any danger, into the interior of the town; but this would have been a display without any object

or any other result than useless pillage. I consequently desisted, and returned with the troops on the island, and ordered the crews on board their respective ships.

“I am now engaged in establishing a garrison of 500 men in the island.

“The occupation of the island, without the blockade of the harbour, would be an incomplete measure.

“I accordingly comply with your orders, by shutting up the harbour of Mogadore.

“The town is, at the moment I write, on fire, plundered and ravaged by the Kabyles of the interior, who after driving out the imperial garrison, have taken possession of it.

“We have just received on board the British Consul, his family, and a few Europeans.

“I will now close my despatch without mentioning the services rendered by every person under my orders during the present campaign. Everybody served with a zeal inspired by the ardent love of his country, its honour and interests, and with an absolute devotion to the service of the King.

“Receive M. le Ministre, the assurance of my respect.

“F. D'ORLEANS.

“P. S. Amidst the occupations with which I am overwhelmed, I have no time to send you a detailed report. Captain Bouet, who will hand you this despatch, will give you all the information you may desire. I send by him the colours which waved on the city and on the batteries of the island.

“F. D'ORLEANS.”

The following more vivid account we copy from the *London Times*:

“The only vessels which could enter the harbour were the *Belle Poule* frigate and the three armed brigs which had been prepared for that purpose. The fire was opened by the frigate on the morning of the 15th instant, and sustained for the whole day with unabated vigour. It was met [or rather anticipated before the ships had taken up their position] by a very severe fire from the batteries of the town and of the island at the mouth of the harbour; where it is said there were no less than 120 pieces of cannon, ably served by 400 or 500 of the best troops in the service of the Emperor. The *Belle Poule* suffered severely from this prolonged engagement; and it appears that the effect of her fire and of the armed brigs was not sufficiently decisive to bring the affair to a conclusion. It was therefore determined by the Prince de Joinville to attack the islet, and to destroy the batteries upon it, or turn their guns against the city. This attack was made on the morning of the 16th, by 500 picked men, under the orders of Captain Duquesne (a descendant of the French Admiral of that name) and Captain Bouet. The troops who were engaged in this enterprise, and who effected a landing on the islet, encountered a most furious and sanguinary resistance; and nearly half the number of the Moorish soldiers who formed the garrison perished on the spot with their yataghans in their hands. The rest at last effected their retreat to a mosque situated in or near the water, where they capitulated. Meanwhile, the islet being occupied by the French, the works were in part dismantled and in part directed against the city. The work of destruction proceeded with frightful violence; the batteries on the shore were gradually silenced, and the walls of the town were reduced to ruins. A landing was effected by some parties of the French in ships' boats; and it is with great pleasure we record that by this means the British Consul and some other British subjects, who had been detained in the city for the preceding five



days by the authorities of the place, were rescued. They were conveyed by the boats of the Cassard, one of the French brigs, to the Warspite, which had followed the squadron to watch its operations; and they were received by the crew of that vessel with great enthusiasm, whilst, as we are informed, the band of the Warspite played the national airs of France.

"Terrible, in the meanwhile, was the fate of the devoted city. The inhabitants, to the number of 12,000 or 13,000, had already fled from it in all directions; but fled to dangers scarcely less formidable than the fire of the French vessels. The boats which had effected a landing on the main-land were recalled, but the natives of those inhospitable coasts and mountains completed what the enemy had begun. The Kabyles, descending from the hills, plundered the houses and set fire to the city in several places; and the desolation of Mogador was consummated by Mussulman hands.

"In these engagements the Prince De Joinville had lost a considerable number of men; Captain Duquesne was severely wounded, as well as several other officers; the ships, and especially the Belle Poule, had suffered severely. The French squadron, therefore, leaving a small force to maintain the blockade of the city, which had been reduced to a heap of ruins—a needless precaution—retired to Cadiz, and left the coast of Morocco."

#### DESCRIPTION OF MOGADORE.

From the *Journal des Debats* we give some particulars respecting the situation of Mogadore, and its population:—

"Mogadore is comparatively a new town, having been founded by the Sultan Muly Mohammed in 1760, in order to have a port at the nearest possible point from Morocco, from which city it is distant about forty-eight leagues. The population of Mogadore may be estimated at about 12,000, of which, 1,300 are Jews, and not more than fifteen or twenty Europeans. It is the most commercial port of the empire and returns a customs revenue of nearly 1,000,000*fr.* Saffi produces only between 50,000*fr.* and 60,000*fr.*, and the twin towns of Rabat and Sallee, whose united population amounts to 52,000 souls, and are next in commercial importance to Mogadore, produce no more than 330,000*fr.* The town is called Souerah by the Morocco men, it being to the island alone that they give the name of Mogadore, after a saint called Sidi Mogodoul, whose tomb is to be seen on the coast opposite Souerah, and, with its chapel, is anterior to the foundation of the town. On the island alone, which is two English miles in circumference, there was formerly a small fort, built by the Portuguese, of whom memorials are to be found all along the coast from Tangier to the country of Sous-el-Aca, opposite the Canary Islands. The construction of the town of Mogadore must have been attended with great difficulties, particularly the south-west rampart, facing the island, which is raised on several rocks, against which the sea breaks with great violence, and which are united by two curtained works. The whole of the north wall, against which the sea also beats with equal violence, could not have been erected without much labour and skill beyond the science and strength of the natives. The plan was laid down by European engineers, and among them by a Frenchman named Cornut. Masons and other artisans were brought from Europe, and some Frenchmen who had been made slaves were also employed as labourers. Cornut served the King of Morocco for ten years, but was so badly rewarded that he came back to France as poor as when he left it. Muly Mohammed transferred to Mogadore the inhabitants of Agadir (Santa Cruz), and forced the richest Moors to come in from the surrounding provinces and build houses. European merchants were encouraged to come and settle there by being offered facilities for trading, and thus the new town was not only built but peopled within the space of ten or twelve years. But in a few years more the heavy taxes and duties, and rigid prohibitions, paralysed the course of trade, and drove three fourths of the merchants away, and the population, which had amounted to 25,000, has gradually dwindled to less than one half. The site of Mogadore presents at a distance that picturesque aspect which gained it the name of Souerah, which means a picture. The minarets, which rise to a great height above the ramparts bristling with cannon, certainly present from afar an interesting and beautiful sight; but the interior of the town does not realize this promise, although its streets are regular, and it has some very fine buildings. The port is formed by the island, on the eastern side of which the trading vessels are moored, sheltered from the west and north winds, but exposed to those from the south-west, which frequently blow with great force, and cause severe losses. On the island are four batteries of masonry, and the most considerable portion of the fortifications can play upon the island and mooring-place with good effect, being at only about 1,500 yards distance. It would be impossible to occupy the port without having previously ruined all the defences which thus protect it. Mogadore has never before been bombarded by a European squadron, but has twice been besieged on the land side. During the flourishing times of the commerce of Mogadore it exported to Lisbon, Cadiz, Marseilles, Gibraltar, and even to New York, large quantities of corn and wool, gum, almonds, olive-oil, figs, wax, leather, goat-skins, aniseed, orange-peel, and many medical drugs; and to the coast of Guinea were shipped baikes, small mantles of whole wool, and other light articles in woollen and cotton, and other manufactures of the country used by the blacks. The imports consisted of bar iron, steel, cutlery, and hardware of all kinds, cloths, cottonades, silk handkerchiefs, ornaments of gold and silver, pearl, amber, and coral necklaces, looking glasses, sugar, and spices."

Another account, speaking of the town, states:—

"The streets are laid out in right lines, but they are narrow and unpaved. The houses, although lofty and regular, present a triste and sombre appearance. There is a handsome market-place, surrounded with pazzas, and the public buildings have a neat aspect; but the situation appears to have been ill-chosen, inasmuch as the immediate vicinity is an absolute desert. The port is formed by a curve in the land, and by an island (the one now occupied by the French) nearly two miles in circumference, and situate about a quarter of a mile from the shore; but, as there are only ten or twelve feet of water at the ebb-tide, large vessels generally lie at anchor one mile and a half west of the battery, which extends along the west side of the town. The mouth of the harbour is narrow, yet a heavy sea rolls in; but behind the island the anchorage is good. The battery is much more remarkable for beauty than for strength. The roadstead is very much exposed at certain seasons, and the port, although the only one in the empire of Morocco which maintains a regular commercial intercourse with Europe, is in many respects inferior to that of El Waladia. The town, however, is invested with shifting sand-hills, which, when blown about by the winds of winter, form a terrible source of annoyance. In the neighbourhood there are cultivated parts, where barley and millet are raised; and there are also fruits and esculent vegetables produced, chiefly pomegranates, melons, figs, tomatoes, and peas. The climate of Mogadore is, notwithstanding many disadvantages, on the whole salubrious, and not inimical to European constitutions. It is exactly opposite Funchal, the chief town in the island of Madeira, and is at a very considerable distance to the south of Sallee, the next point of importance to Tangier. Between Sallee and Mogadore the coast projects consider-

ably, and forms the capes Blanco and Cantin, which appear to be about equidistant from the two ports."

#### THE BATTLE OF ISLY.

An important action was fought on the Algerine frontier between the Morocco army and the French forces under Marshal Bugeaud on the 14th inst. Our whole intelligence is, of course, derived from French accounts; they state the battle to have been severe, and the French victory decisive.

The river Isly is on the border between the territory of Algiers and Morocco. In this neighbourhood a Moorish army assembled in great force, and Marshal Bugeaud, who had withdrawn into the Algerine boundary, finding the enemy grew stronger and more threatening, advanced to meet them. It is stated that the Moors had 20,000 horse, 10,000 foot, and an additional corps of 10,000 irregulars. The marshal by some accounts had not more than 9,000 men, though other statements raise the number to 14,000. The Moors had eleven pieces of artillery, the French twelve. The Moorish horse surrounded the marshal's force, and the shock of the onset was severe. A day or two before the engagement it is stated the marshal received the intelligence of the bombardment of Tangier, which, being communicated to his troops, made them more eager to engage the enemy. The following is the marshal's telegraphic despatch:—

"MARSEILLES, August 22, Five P. M.

"THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ALGERIA TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

"Bivouac of Kouidiat-Abo-er Rhaman.

"Having marched against the Moorish army, which was daily becoming stronger and more threatening to Algeria, I encountered it on the 14th, at two leagues in advance of its camp.

"It assumed the offensive with 20,000 horse, at the moment when our *têtes de colonnes* were crossing the Isly.

"We were enveloped on all sides.

"We have obtained the most complete victory.

"Our infantry, which was of extreme solidity, and also our cavalry, achieved prodigies of valour.

"We successively took all the camps, which would cover a space of more than a league.

"Eleven pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, between a thousand and twelve hundred tents—one of them belonging to the Emperor's son—his parasol, the badge of his command, all his personal baggage, a large quantity of war ammunition, and immense booty, have remained in our power.

"The enemy have left about 800 dead on the field of battle.

"Our losses, although severe (*sensibles*), are light for so brilliant an action, which we shall call the battle of Isly."

The marshal's despatches have not yet been published, but one of the Paris prints asserts that they have been received, and gives the following substance:

"In his report the marshal communicates the information he had obtained respecting the Moorish army. It consisted of 24,000 cavalry, occupying four camps on one of the wings; of regular infantry, and a part of the Emperor's guard, forming a corps of 10,000 men, occupying at the centre a camp as extensive, says the marshal, as that of his whole army; and lastly, 10,000 irregular troops, occupying four other camps on the other wing.

"The enemy had eleven pieces of ordnance, guns of large calibre, field pieces and mortars, served by renegades of all nations. By comparing these details with the despatch of the 14th, relative to the battle, which we yesterday published, it will be seen that it is the enemy's whole artillery that has fallen into our hands.

"The telegraphic despatch, which is dated by the marshal the 16th, and from Toulon yesterday, the 25th, announces that the moral effect produced by the victory of Isly has been immense in Morocco and Algeria. The marshal declares that he no longer requires the reinforcements he had demanded—a circumstance which had not been suffered to transpire.

"Lastly, reverting to the bravery and energy displayed by the French army on that glorious day, the Governor-General says that the enthusiasm natural to our soldiers when they march to the enemy had been increased by the news of the bombardment of Tangier, which reached him a short time before he engaged the enemy.

"The Ministry compel us to publish this information before they give it. Will they also compel us to publish the Prince de Joinville's report of the bombardment of Tangier before they determine to relinquish their silence?"

A letter from Oran by a French officer gives some details of the engagement, and of the loss of the French:—

"On the 14th Marshal Bugeaud, having no longer any hope of bringing the negotiations with Morocco to a friendly termination, and seeing the army, under the orders of the son of the Emperor, was augmenting daily, resolved to attack the Morocco camp, which had besides, on the 11th, sent some hundred sharpshooters to fire upon our outposts. As soon as his movement commenced the Morocco army deployed, and in a short time our little army was surrounded by more than 25,000 cavalry. The action commenced in pretty good order, and the artillery of the two camps opened the combat. The artillery of the Moors, which was more numerous than ours, was pretty well pointed. The affair being undecided, the marshal ordered a general charge of cavalry, and in a few instants our horsemen arrived close to the guns of the enemy, which are said to be more than forty in number. Eleven remained in our hands. The infantry came up in double quick time, and the victory declared itself on our side. The Moors were completely routed, and only sought safety in flight. The French had about two hundred *hors de combat*. Amongst the killed and wounded were several officers. We learn from the frontier that the people of Morocco encamped not far from the army have abandoned their territory, leaving the ground covered with rich crops."

Private accounts from Oran say that Abd-el-Kader was present at the battle of Isly. Other accounts, however, throw much doubt upon that assertion. A private letter has been received by the French Government, which positively affirms that Abd-el-Kader has been made prisoner by the Moors themselves. According to this letter, after the battle, the Maroccan army, when rapidly retreating and exasperated by their recent defeat, fell in with Abd-el-Kader, who was advancing to the frontier at the head of his troops: they immediately took him prisoner, and carried him to Fez, where he is now in close custody. A Toulon letter of the 25th inst. has a somewhat similar version of the matter, with an important difference—

"The Sully, private steam-packet, has this instant arrived from Oran. I re-open my letter to transmit to you the important news brought by this vessel. On learning the result of the battle of the 14th, the Emperor of Morocco informed Marshal Bugeaud that he was disposed to grant *all the reparation* demanded by France. He immediately sent 400 of his Negro cavalry in pursuit of the Emir Abd-el-Kader; who has been arrested, and conveyed to the Impe-



rial residence. It now remains to be seen what will be done with the person of the Emir."

The Morning Post quotes the results of some tables published by the Liverpool Standard, exhibiting the amount of marine steam-power which, in the event of a war with France, this country could bring into action:—

"These calculations will at once convince our pugilistic neighbours that in the article of steam they are as far behind us as they were in their sailing-ships during the last war. The French are apt to consider that we possess no steam ships but what are registered as belonging to the Navy; but the fact is, if we take into account all the vessels plying along our coast and to foreign ports, we could turn out a fleet of steam-vessels alone averaging 107,000-horse power; and if to these we add the vessels already belonging to the Navy, and averaging 20,000-horse power, we may calculate upon a force fully equal to anything France could exhibit on the seas. The port of Liverpool alone possesses steam power equal to 14,452 horses; London, 24,000; Hull, 9,000; Glasgow, 7000, and so on with almost every other sea-port in the country."

The *Siecle* warns its countrymen not to deceive themselves, for England is preparing for war; and it institutes a comparison between the naval power of each. After various figures, the journalist comes to these conclusions as to the force that each country could bring forward in a war:—"At the first shock, England 18 ships-of-the-line; France 14. After six months, England 30 ships; France twenty to twenty-two. After one year, England thirty-six to forty; France only 20 to 22, because the ships we have on the stocks are not sufficiently advanced to be finished in a year." In the steam-marine, England could produce 48 vessels, with a power of 15,757 horses; France 43 ships, with a power of 7,340 horses; but the French steam-marine is increasing, and at the end of the year could produce 60 vessels, with a power of 12,000 horses, not reckoning the steamers in the Levant.

A letter in the *Augsburg Gazette*, dated at London on the 16th instant, gives some diplomatic gossip on the state of Europe:—

"Orders have just been given to arm several ships of war and frigates. The number of seamen at present receiving pay amounts to 36,000 men; the war-ships represent a force of 13,500 horses. It is not doubtful that in six weeks a fleet would be ready to assemble at Spithead. The turn which affairs have taken between France and England favours the views of the Emperor of Russia. The proposals made by that Sovereign when in London have been renewed by Count Nesselrode. I am assured that the French Government is fully informed on this subject. The Court of St. Petersburg is said to have offered to the Queen of England an alliance offensive and defensive in case of war with France. The Emperor added, that he would place his entire land and sea force at the disposal of the Allied powers. It is easy to divine the answer of the English Government. It is expected that the Cabinet of the Tuileries will yield to the equitable and moderate representations of England, and that it will not be necessary to have recourse to war. If, however, tranquillity should be interrupted, it would be the interest of all the European Governments to put an end to it as quickly as possible by displaying an imposing force. It is, therefore, beyond doubt that in case of war there would be a Russian-English alliance."

GREECE.—The French Government received this official communication, on Wednesday:—

"Athens, August 20.—M. Mavrocordato and his colleagues have resigned, and their resignation has been accepted. The King has empowered M. Coletti to form a new Administration. The elections for Athens have been suspended for some days. The city is perfectly tranquil."

King Otto has granted an amnesty to all who were engaged in insurrectional disturbances in Acarnania and Western Greece during the months of May and June last, excepting to certain persons; the royal clemency being reserved to those persons after trial, if need be.

EGYPT.—The annexed intelligence reached the French government on the 23d ult.:—

"Alexandria, August 7.—The Viceroy has abandoned his previous resolution to abdicate, nor will he persist in his intention of making the pilgrimage to Mecca. His return to Alexandria from Cairo is expected every moment." A private letter gives the following account of the conduct of the Pasha:—"The day previous to his departure, in a council of ministers, the Pasha proposed certain important ameliorations as regard agriculture and commerce; the council was of a different opinion to the Pasha, who was only supported by his son Ibrahim; before the breaking up of the deliberation, Ibrahim suddenly sided with the council in opposition to his father. The Pasha now became furious, ordered his son and the councillors to quit the palace, and determined on retiring from the affairs of government. Soon after his departure, Ibrahim assembled a council, and it was agreed to carry out the plans originally proposed by the Pasha; on this resolution being made known to him, he consented to return to Alexandria." The account given by the *Sud* of Marseilles substantially agrees with this. "His absence (it says) had lasted but four or five days, and he had come back to Cairo, just as if he had only been on a rural excursion. During his stay at Cairo a council was held, in which the old Pasha complained of the wretched condition of a number of villages, and of the representations of their inhabitants having been concealed from him. In order to appease his anger, the Sheiks voluntarily proposed relinquishing their emoluments for a year to come; and Ibrahim Pasha, who had also repaired to Cairo, made the same offer to his father. Touched with their submission, Mehemet confined himself to imposing the above fine on the Sheiks for four months, and on Ibrahim for six. All parties were pleased and Mehemet ordered a boat to be prepared for his return to Alexandria." The *Portafoglio Maltese*, of the 12th instant, also publishes a letter from Alexandria, of the 6th, whence we extract the following:—"Since his arrival at Cairo, the Viceroy has changed his mind which had been greatly affected, owing to his advanced years, by his late trifling indisposition. Soon after his arrival at Cairo, he said nothing more of retiring to Mecca, and abandoning Egypt to his successor. Ibrahim left a few days ago for Cairo, his father wishing to have a conference with him. All the other persons of his suite and court have also proceeded to Cairo, and there remains here but Said Pasha, to whom the post of Governor of Alexandria has been temporarily entrusted."

### Foreign Summary.

The *Times* states positively that Louis Philippe will not visit England this year.

A line of the newly-invented electrical telegraph is shortly to be completed from London to Portsmouth.

The number of seamen on the books of the Royal Navy is 28,000, and of marines 10,500.

It is said that two crowned heads—the Kings of Denmark and Bavaria—have subscribed the teetotal pledge.

A general recruiting is ordered in Russia. The western provinces are to furnish five men for every thousand of the population.

The health of the ex-King of Holland, now the eldest surviving branch of the Bonaparte family, has, it is said, suffered severely from the death of his brother Joseph.

The Earl of Rosse has succeeded in polishing the speculum for his enormous telescope, which will now shortly be completed and erected at Birr Castle, in Ireland. The speculum weighs four tons.

The Countess Guiccioli is about to arrange and publish the manuscripts bequeathed to her by the late Lord Byron, with remarks of her own.

Sir Robert Peel's son, Lieut. Peel, is going out to the Pacific in the *Collingwood*, to join his own ship, the *Cormorant* steamer.

It is proposed to form a College of Chemistry in London, and several of the first chemists of the day have given their sanction to the scheme.

One of the special trains, used in conveying the government officials from London to Slough, performed the distance, 18½ miles, in 18 minutes; the other in 17½ minutes; whilst the return train actually occupied but 15 minutes 50 seconds, being at the rate of 70 miles an hour!

DEATH OF LORD KEANE, G. C. B. AND K. C. H.—We are sorry to announce the death of this distinguished officer, the gallant captor of Ghuznee. His Lordship died of dropsy on Monday last, at his residence near Christchurch. The deceased, John Keane, Baron Keane of Ghuznee, in Afghanistan, and Cappoquin, County of Waterford, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, the second son of Sir John Keane, Bart., of Belmont, Waterford, was born in 1781, and married first, in 1806, Miss Smith, second daughter of General Smith, by whom he had issue several children; secondly in August, 1840, Miss Charlotte Maria Boland, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Boland. He entered the army at a very early age—his commission as ensign dating as far back as 1793. In 1812 he joined the army under the Duke of Wellington at Madrid, and his reputation was such that he was, immediately on his arrival there, intrusted with the command of a brigade in the third division, in which corps he served until the end of the war with France in 1814, and was present at the battle of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle (near Bayonne), and Orthes. In August, 1814, he was appointed to a command, ordered for particular service, and on his arrival at Jamaica, being senior officer, assumed the command of the military force destined to co-operate with Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir Alexander Cochrane, for the attack on New Orleans and the province of Louisiana. Subsequently, as is well known, the gallant General was destined to add the highest distinctions to his already great fame for gallantry and ability of command in the responsible command he was entrusted with in India. He held the sole command of the forces employed during the campaign in Afghanistan and Beloochistan, and it was owing to the brilliant achievement of the assault and capture of Ghuznee that he was rewarded with the honor of a peerage, receiving the unanimous thanks of his country from the House of Commons, and a pension of £2,000 during his life, and entailed, on his decease, to his eldest son for his life. The deceased Lord succeeded in his honors by his eldest son by his first marriage, Captain the Hon. Edward Arthur Wellington Keane, born in 1815, appointed Major (by brevet) March 5, 1841. The present peer acted as aide-de-camp to his father throughout the war in Afghanistan. The late Lord was a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and a Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

PRESENTS TO MR. O'CONNELL.—During the past week two remarkable presents were received by Mr. O'Connell at Richmond prison. These were haunches of venison, forwarded by Mr. Stafford O'Brien, of Blutterwyche Park, the father of Mr. A. S. O'Brien, the Conservative Member for Northamptonshire; and by Mr. Latouche, of Delgany, also a Conservative.

NEW INVENTION FOR SAILING SHIPS.—Mr. H. Demster, of Kinghorn, has invented a "new rig," the advantages of which he states are as follow:—"The 'Problem,' a vessel which he has constructed, is capable of being made to turn round, as if on a pivot, without even a sail being altered—attention to shifting of the helm, when she takes a stern way, being all that is necessary to perform the evolution. The vessel can, with ease, be propelled stern foremost, and tacked or wore in that direction. The fore and aft triangle sails go round, without touching a mast. It is in these sails where the principal advantage rests in the rig. Under them a vessel, properly managed, will never miss stays in the heaviest sea, or in the highest wind. They are well constructed for lying to, backing, filling, or box hauling; and it is his opinion that these two sails may be applied to the largest sized fishing boats, particularly those that, from their size, are incapable of being rowed, but are obliged to set and haul their lines under sail.

LORD HERTSFORD'S FIRST APPOINTMENT.—On Thursday the Lord-Lieutenant was pleased to confer the appointment of stipendiary magistrate upon Capt. J. Kelly, of Fairfield, in the County of Galway. Mr. Kelly is a Roman Catholic gentleman of high respectability, and his political principles coincide in a great measure with those entertained by a majority of the professors of that creed; but to the Repeal agitation Mr. Kelly has been a consistent and unflinching opponent. He sought office armed alike with the recommendations of Tory, Whig, and Repealer.

The *Dumfries Courier* states that the prices paid by English sportsmen for leave to shoot on the Highland moors have been enormous. For example, one paid five guineas a day, coupled with the addition to give up all the birds shot—a second, £35 for a week's leave, and a third £300 for the season.

The Swiss Council of Education has demanded that smoking shall be forbidden to youth, considering the practice to be useless, in bad taste, injurious to health, expensive, and dangerous to the public edifices, which are in constant danger from the sparks thrown about by smokers.

DEATH OF MR. HAGGERTY.—The Liverpool *Albion* of Aug. 26th announces the death of James Haggerty, Esq., U. S. Consul at Liverpool, on the 24th of August. Mr. Haggerty was 54 years of age, and highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in this city, and indeed by all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.—Extremely unfavorable accounts have been received at St. Petersburg respecting the operations in the Caucasus; but nobody ventures to speak of them. It may, however, be taken for certain, that at the end of May, and in the beginning of June, the Russians lost in the combats with the Circassians nearly 10,000 men, some important fortresses, several small forts, a number of cannon, and some very important positions. Besides this, many tribes, hitherto neuter, have joined the mountaineers. It is reported that the latter have since obtained further advantages. The war department seems to be engaged in preparing measures to repair the losses that have been sustained. There is no doubt that the Emperor will go to the Caucasus as soon as the uncertainty respecting the illness of his daughter shall be ended.

Elberfeld Journal.



MARRIED.—On Tuesday, the 17th inst., at the Church of the Evangelists, by the Rev. Mr. Mr. Evans, Mr. William A. Livingston, to Miss S. Louisa Jones, both of this City.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844.

The Mail Steamer *Britannia*, from Liverpool via Halifax and Boston, has made an unusually short passage; she brings our English files to the 4th inst. inclusive, and we received them per Adams' Express from Boston at midnight of the 17th inst. There are many items of an interesting character in their contents, some of which indeed are of no small importance, involving no less than the general peace of Europe.

There is a tolerably extensive sale of Cotton, but the prices rather retrograde than advance, not sufficiently so, however, to alter the quotation from previous advices. Trade in general is in a very satisfactory state in England, and the weather has happily been so fine as to allow a large portion of the harvest to be safely housed. Should it continue so for a week or two longer the country will be well supplied in everything of an agricultural nature of produce except hay.

Her Majesty the Queen and the infant Prince are doing most favorably, and now the question is in what direction will the royal aquatic excursion be? It is averred by some who pretend to be in the secret that the Queen will go to Scotland again, and make a few visits at the seats of the Scottish Aristocracy, whilst others, who are doubtless quite as well informed, insist that her Majesty will make a trip to the Irish Capital. Under existing circumstances we are inclined to place our belief in the former, for the judges have declared against O'Connell and the Traversers, and the Repeal party are advising that if the Queen should go to Ireland she ought to be respectfully welcomed, but nothing more. Now this is significant enough, for when Royalty makes "Progresses" they are always with anticipations of popular reception, and it appears but too obvious that her Majesty would either be coerced into granting that which is neither suitable to the law nor to the royal dignity, or would be liable to affront through the instigation of demagogues. We do not believe that the Queen will be advised to go to Ireland this year unless a certain event be properly understood and provided for. We mean the disposal of Mr. O'Connell with respect to the remainder of his term.

To understand this properly we have to consider that the Judges having arrived at their conclusions respecting the appeal to the Lords in the case, in which they were nearly unanimous as to the counts of the original indictment, and quite unanimous in their refusal to reverse the sentence pronounced upon the Traversers, no farther appeal remains, but every one of them is bound to suffer the punishment awarded them by the Court, unless the Royal clemency be tendered and accepted. With respect to the clemency, the ends of justice being answered, the mischievous endeavours of the party being entirely frustrated, and the impossibility of their wrong-headed scheme being fully demonstrated, we believe that her Majesty's advisers would advocate the remission of the sentence from the time of the judges' declaration. But O'Connell by receiving it would be thrown into the humiliating position of a pardoned criminal, he would by farther perseverance in his past courses be guilty of both folly and ingratitude, and would consequently damage the cause he should espouse. On the other hand, by refusing the Royal clemency, he and his adherents must remain the occupants of a dungeon for a still considerable space of time, and in the meanwhile the zeal of his party evaporates, the rent dwindles down, and there would hardly be any more rousing up of those fires which have been all but destructive to his countrymen and his country. This being the state of things we think her Majesty will not cross the Irish Channel this season at least.

The Letter-opening system is gaining ground in England, thanks to the influence of good example in high places. And here we have another reason forcibly put, of the danger of such a power in the hands of any individual, that namely, of its giving a stamp to the manners of the community. The *Right Honourable* Home Secretary's offence has been voted a venial one, or more properly speaking, no offence at all; and, therefore, as underlings are apt enough to imitate their superiors the countenance that has been given to the treacherous system, upon which we again launch our hearty curse, is likely to ramify its effects through the whole circle of society, and the confidence in the security of a written secret will be at an end. In the cases so recently the subject of "inquiry," so neatly glossed over, we see not only the mischief that is done by the facts themselves, but also their corrupting effects on the general mind, and, thus proceeding, theft and dishonesty will be no longer crimes in society than as they were in the days of the Spartans, when the disgrace consisted only in being "found out." With respect to the notion that such a power is of importance for the welfare of the state we say that the remedy is worse than the disease; the latter may exist in some individual member of the system but the former corrupts the whole body politic;—and, in short, we are disposed to believe every defender of the system a letter-opener when he safely can.

The reports now begin to be current that the visit of the King of the French to Queen Victoria will not take place this fall. We fear that they are but too true, and we argue no good from the fact. The relations between England and France are far from being of a satisfactory nature, and it is much to be doubted that the "Fire eaters" will succeed in plunging France into an awkward predicament. England will not quarrel with her if she can avoid it without loss of honor and safety, but the causes of remonstrance are springing up in so many directions, they are so prominent in themselves, and meet with so tardy and unsatisfactory a notice on the part of the French Government, that, sooth-

to say, we begin to doubt whether peace can be much longer preserved. We are to understand that the affair of Tahiti is now settled, and that the British Government is contented with the action taken by that of the French thereon. We can hardly believe it that a Tory Government, generally presumed to be both a haughty and a strong one, can put up with such half reparations as those of which we read, and in which we find that not one of the offending parties is called home to account for his conduct, though the offended and misused English functionary is not permitted to resume his official authority.

But if the Tahiti affair be distasteful to British feelings what shall we say to that of the new African war? Have the Bonaparteans times come back to France, and are the Prince de Joinville and his satellites to act again on a small scale the scenes of conquest and bloodshed which characterised the days of Napoleon and his marshals? We trust not, for although the young man may worship at the shrine of *Ate* and publish fiery pamphlets with as great profusion as his great prototype uttered manifestoes, yet we doubt greatly whether he can fill even the small boots of his model; and, besides, he has not yet struck all Europe with astonishment and dread. The mode of procedure and the general conduct of the Moorish Emperor are, we perceive, viewed in very different lights by different classes of politicians, and some are of opinion that he has been rightly treated for mixing himself in "another man's feud." It may be so, but it is somewhat hard that if we are oppressed and persecuted by a powerful adversary whose only rights are in that power, we may not hope for the assistance of a friend to help us out of the difficulty. It is no answer to say that the friend suffers the consequences of his temerity. What would be the fate of the smaller states of Europe if they were permitted to suffer the domination of some ambitious great one, and no neighbour were to be allowed to interpose because "it is none of his business?" Usurped strength would of course be rapidly accumulated by the unprincipled.

Oh, but the balance of Power makes it necessary to interfere in such a case. The balance of Power! Is not that affected in the case before us? All Europe exclaimed against the possession by France of the Algerine sea board, yet all Europe would seem to have received a bonus to say no more on the subject. What next? Tangier falls before her, and she is spreading out her authority to the very pillars of Hercules; nay, it is reported—though we do not yet believe it—that the country to the extent of nine leagues round Ceuta is to be ceded to France by way of peace-offering from Morocco. If this be so, or can be so, let Great Britain look to it; her highly valued Gibraltar will have fallen full fifty per cent. in value, and she will find herself checked; "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," in all her commercial operations throughout the world. For be it observed, that France is not only laboring to command the mouth of the Mediterranean, but, going forth from that sea, she has taken possession of an island and fortification near the north-western extremity of Africa, which would enable her to annoy the commerce of any nation with either of the Indies, or with the southern hemisphere generally.

We trust that at least the Roar of the Lion may be heard against this cock-crowing; it may not be necessary to use his claws or his fangs in stopping this wild career, but let him put his paw upon the ground, make his weight to be felt, and his rights to be feared. Other noble animals, including the Eagle of the North, are looking wistfully towards the scene of this unjust war, which must either soon cease, or they will all mix in it.

We fear this young fighting-cock of France possesses few of the qualities requisite for his profession beyond that of a warlike spirit; two or three circumstances combine to strengthen us in this opinion. In the first place, the British naval officers whose letters are published on the affair of Tangier, turn the conduct and action of the bombardment into utter ridicule, and give very ample reasons for their disparagement of the command that day. Secondly, the veteran Soult, has retired from the War Department of the French Ministry; this, to be sure, may be in consequence of his advanced age, but he retains his seat in the Government without a portfolio, consequently without responsibility. Thirdly, the despatches of the young Admiral to the French Government have not been published. All these, simultaneously, lead one to suppose that his Royal Highness does not figure to advantage in this imbroglio.

We quite agree with that portion of the English press which avers, that the fact of taking possession at all of territory in Morocco by the French is a sufficient *casus belli*, and we would fain hope that the British spirit in the soul of the Duke, will move him to urge his more peaceable colleagues to sustain the honor and rights of England against the presumptuous efforts of boyhood's ambition. If this can really be done without bloodshed, the better—but it must be done, and promptly.

In Spain and Portugal there is nothing specially to remark; Narvaez, in the former, and Costa Cabral, in the latter, are doing a series of small intrigue, for the purpose of confirming their strength in their several positions, and with success.

There are further details, though not of much consequence, of the successful resistance of the Caucasian people against Russia. Alas! that instead of admiring their vigor and patriotism, and of magnanimously yielding to them their liberty, for which they have so long, so successfully, and so rightfully fought, Russia should grow more and more incensed at a brave people who can make such a stand under such fearful odds! But we may say to Russia in this case as Sir Wm. Draper said to the vindictive Junius, "You bite at a file; cease, viper!"

We presume there will be but one feeling, that of satisfaction, on learning that the brave and wise old veteran, Mehemet Ali, has not, after all, abdicated the Egyptian Government, as stated in previous advices. To Great Britain this must be matter of very serious importance, inasmuch as it was well known that Sir Henry Hardinge, on his way to India, had made arrangements with his



Highness for the despatch of the Indian mails, and other particulars incident to Indian communication, which were replete with advantage to British commerce and general interests, and which it was greatly feared would fall through upon the accession of his Highness' more barbarous and ferocious son. There is now hope that these arrangements may be brought to maturity, and so firmly established as not to be easily revoked, when the great old man shall at last be gathered to his fathers.

### Fine Arts.

**THE END OF THE WORLD.** Painted by F. Anelli.—This is a most magnificent gallery picture, the size of the canvas being 23 feet in length by 19 feet in height, it is a true representation of a sublime idea, a splendid composition, and, on the whole, well carried out in its details. The artist is well and deservedly distinguished in his profession by previous works of a high degree of merit; and upon the present occasion we feel additionally desirous of making his talents known to the New World, because it requires more than common courage and devotion to the highest branches of art, to engage in so large a work where there are so few chances of disposing of it, and for deviating into grand composition, instead of travelling along upon the hacknied road of portrait painting.

The scene displays the crisis when the whole expanse is suddenly turned from the brightness of day to a dark, cloudy, and blood-red hue. In mid heaven is a spot of light, of ineffable brightness, springing from the form of a cross, and its rays darting down upon every inhabitant of earth, but most directly upon a beautiful and pure female form whom the painter designates as an impersonation of the Church of Christ, arrayed as a bride in clear unspotted white robes, and ready to meet her celestial spouse. The heavenly, tranquil beatitude expressed in the countenance, and the appropriateness of all the accessorial parts of the figure say much for the author's piety of feeling as well as for his taste. At her feet are two figures, one humbly prostrate, and the other in humble confidence looking towards heaven, are presumed to be in holy prayer and praise. On the left of the same figure are types of man and woman generally, who at this awful hour are struck with consternation; the woman clings to the man and hides her face in his bosom, whilst he, supporting her with one hand, lifts the other deprecatingly to heaven. At their feet is another female figure prostrate and despairing. In the right hand corner of the picture is a group of figures representing persons high in earthly station, who, full of their own greatness, have forgotten that they were but poor mortal creatures, and this awful moment has not yet had the effect of thoroughly humbling them. In the centre of the foreground is the atheist, utterly confounded, endeavouring to shun the glare of light which, as it were, pierces him through, and hiding his eyes from this overpowering splendour. Near this figure are three others representing a Widow and her two children. The mother's face, though expressing terror, is not without hope, the eldest child, guiltless of known sin, has likewise a sense of fear mixed with wonder, and the younger is merely a frightened child. In front of these are a seducer and his victim, and these, to our notions, are the least effective in the grouping; their positions are awkward, particularly that of the female, for it should be remembered that woman rarely falls into an ungraceful position, unless through the effect of vulgarity, and this is really a distorted one. Near these are a vain mother and her daughter, a rake confounded in mid career of his sensual pleasures, a covetous old man who, even in the midst of his conservation instinctively clings to the "mammon of unrighteousness," various other figures expressing as many passions or fears, and in other parts of the canvas are a bold and impious sceptic, struck by lightning in the very midst of a blasphemous harangue, and others who fill up the general scope of the composition. The back ground is appropriate; multitudes are seen, some fleeing to caves and secret places, some hastening at the twelfth hour to the neglected sanctuary of God; ships in a blaze indicating the end of commerce and worldly speculations, and the whole presenting a grand subject of contemplation. The *Chiaroscuro* of this painting is very strong, but the subject demands it, and the perspective has been well preserved, notwithstanding the confusion of the scene. The countenances of the figures, speak the language intended to be written on them, very intelligibly, and the picture is really very effective. The greatest faults in the picture are to be found in the feet of the figures; these are somewhat clumsy and too large for due proportion.

We perceive, and with great satisfaction, that the visitors to this painting are numerous. Such encouragement may lead to more frequent advances into the region of grand composition—a real desideratum in the Fine Arts.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

**ARRIVAL OF MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.**—This celebrated vocalist, beyond doubt one of the greatest of his day, arrived here on Monday evening last, per Victoria, from London. He purposes, as we understand, to give—not lectures on music, but—specimens of the different schools and classes of vocal music, each piece being introduced by some explanatory remark apropos to its subject, its author, the object of the composition, or other matter interesting to the hearer, and tending to increase the gratification beyond the mere pleasure of hearing some excellent singing. For this task Mr. Phillips is eminently qualified, for besides an intimate acquaintance with the rules of art consequent upon a first-rate musical education, and an experience which many years of professional duty in the highest ranks of vocalism can confer, Mr. Phillips has *con amore* made himself master of many curious facts in music, which he will doubtless communicate in the course of his entertainments. Need we add that this gentleman is the Mr. Henry Phillips so remarkable for his elegant and classical style of singing in the bass, or rather, in the barytone voice, and must by no means be confounded with Mr. T. Phillips, who came over here some twenty or two and twenty years ago. The latter was a tenor singer, and is now no more.

**A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.**—Messrs. Nunns & Clark, the eminent manufacturers of Pianofortes, have succeeded in inventing an instrument of the nature of an Accordion, or of an organ with but one set of pipes, which can be attached to any pianoforte without either injuring the instrument to the sight, or affecting its strings injuriously when played upon. By means of it, when the music is played by four hands, the effects of the organ or pianoforte, separately as well as conjointly, may be produced; the attachment of the new invention being underneath the piano, and not at all detracting from the elegance of the latter as a piece of drawing-room furniture. We were invited to witness its effects under the hands of such artists as Messrs. Timm and Alpers, but

unfortunately we could not be there at the time; nevertheless, we have heard that it was altogether surprising. The real object of the invention we understand to be this: that whereas there are many families and performers on the pianoforte who, although exceedingly fond of music, have conscientious scruples as to the use of the instrument on the Sabbath day, and, indeed, that it is not well calculated to assist in Sacred Song, or the music of the Sanctuary. Now this instrument, which admits of notes prolonged, like those of the organ, to any required extent, is just suited to Psalms, Hymns, or other sacred music, and the piano portion of the instrument is in like manner better adapted to what is in contradistinction called "Profane music." In this view of the case, the invention is very useful, and will probably come greatly into request, particularly as it can without difficulty be attached to any pianoforte, old or new; the expense being about \$100 or \$120.

**MR. JONES' NEW OPERA.**—Those who have heard portions of this work are unanimous in saying that it is sure to take well. It is to be performed at the Park Theatre, and we hear that our little favorite Madame Otto is to take a principal part in it. "The Enchanted Horse" we believe is the name; the subject is taken out of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

**MR. McMICHAEL'S "IRISH MINSTRELSY."**—We can but repeat our warmest admiration of the entertainments given by this gentleman at the Society Library Saloon. He has now a crowded auditory every night of his performance, and we believe that his style of singing will form a school of taste for our amateur vocalists, much to their advantage.

**PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.**—There is a report that Opera is about to be revived here forthwith, under the auspices of Messrs. Valtellina, Peruzzi, Meadames Borghese, Valtellina, &c. &c., but particulars have not yet transpired.

### The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—It must be admitted that the manager has taken more than usual pains to procure new faces in his establishment, and that he has succeeded in no mean degree in giving additional strength. Mr. Dyott is really clever when put into his proper rôle, light comedy, Mr. Skerrett is excellent in the range of parts formerly monopolised by Enery. Mrs. Dyott is pleasing, and so also is Mrs. Skerrett. We perceive also that a Mr. Crisp has arrived with a professional reputation more than ordinarily good, and he will probably make his appearance in a day or two. But the great "particular star" is Mr. Maccready, who is playing a short farewell engagement. He will perform next week also, and then, "farewell, a long farewell." This week he has acted "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Werner," the last a part which, if he has not created he has enlivened by his Promethian touch. We need not go again over ground which has been already so well trodden, in sounding the praises of this truly eminent artist, but trust that he will fill the theatre to repletion whilst he is here, and take away with him to Europe the good wishes of all who have the good fortune to know him either as actor or gentleman.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—Still "Putnam" and still crammed houses. What more can be wished!

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—We had not opportunity last week to do justice to the merits of the new performers here, we mean the Campagnologian Bell-ringers, and by this time they have become so greatly the favourites of the town that, as regards our city readers, it is almost unnecessary to say anything about them. Our friends in the country, however, may wish to know the nature of their occupation, and therefore we shall offer a few remarks concerning it. The Bell-ringers who form this company are eight in number, although only seven are engaged at any one time. They stand behind a long table and face the audience; on the table there are bells placed amounting to about 37 or three octaves, including semi-tones, and the performers take up these bells as they are wanted so as to strike the right note at the proper time of the subject. They do this very cleverly, and play marches, waltzes, gallops, songs, aye, and even overtures and symphonies very cleverly indeed. The performances are remarkably popular, the saloon being quite crowded every night to hear them. As our account cannot shake their merits, now fully established in public estimation, we may as well say that they are in reality Lancastrians. The Lancashire Bell-ringers have long been celebrated, and these are a very superior specimen. Mr. T. F. Williams made his debut here the other night in a French character, and his manner of speaking broken English as a Frenchman is superior to anything we have heard since the days of Wewitzer, Gattie, or Matthews.

**CHATHAM THEATRE.**—A Burlesque has been got up here under the title of "Otello," in which the celebrated Mr. James (Crow) Rice is the hero of the piece. It is truly laughable, and the people rush in crowds to witness it.

Extract of a letter from Canada.

KINGSTON, C.W., Sept. 15, 1844.

\* \* \* But for the military we should be dull and benighted as Erebus. I had the pleasure (and would not you deem it one) of hearing the Band of the 14th Regiment, under the able directorship of Mr. Z. L. Crozier; (what a name, by the way, for an Irishman.) I had occasion once before to speak of the brothers of this gentleman, but it was reserved for me, on Thursday last, to hear the heavenly tones of this artist's clarinet—sweet and clear; every note reached the heart, attuning each chord to harmony and love.

If there ever existed a musical family this must take the lead; both parents were highly accomplished musicians; five of the sons are directors of the following bands: 11th, 14th, 34th, 81st, and 93d. Shakspeare has it

He that hath not music in his soul

Is fit for murder, stratagem, and treason.

Of a verity, there must be much virtue in the Crozier family.

There is now stationed here the Royal Artillery, the 82nd, and 14th Regiments, the latter has seen more actions than almost any other regiment in the service.

The gallant Colonel Everard—the blunt soldier and noble-hearted commander of the 14th—has been in the service nearly half a century, and behold him now as flippant and gay as the youngest; this, too, after enduring an expedition to South America and taking of Maldonado, assault of Monte Video, where he commanded the forlorn hope; campaign and battle of Corunna, expedition to Walcheren, and siege of Flushing, commanded his regiment at the siege of Habrass; also in the campaigns of 1817 and 1818, under Lord Hastings; commanded at the siege and assault of Bhurtpore, was at Waterloo, and subsequently endured years of toil in India.

In speaking thus of the commander, due praise must be allotted to the subalterns and others of the regiment, indeed they are in the essential sense gallant sons of Mars.



## Cricketer's Chronicle.

## MATCH AT CRICKET BETWEEN THE SECOND ELEVEN MEMBERS OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB AND THE SECOND ELEVEN OF THE UNION CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

This very interesting Match was played under feelings of strong anxiety on both sides, as it was understood that the major part of the players of either party had never been engaged in such a contest before. We shall, however, state that, throughout, it was played in excellent temper, and that the contest though eager was in the best possible feeling. It was commenced on Friday, Sept. 13, at 50 minutes past 12, but on mustering the forces of the Philadelphia Second Eleven it appeared that they were short of their complement by three. The St. George's party, therefore, agreed to permit two of the First Eleven, and Mr. Wilson, of Brooklyn, to supply the deficiency. These three consequently played throughout the game, as will be seen by the score, and one of them was a Bowler during a considerable part of it;—their names are Sutcliffe and Richardson. The bowling on either side was under-hand, and considering that all the bowlers except Mr. Sutcliffe, were Second Eleveners, that part of the play was of a very commendable nature.

The St. George's men were first put to the bat, and Messrs. Nichols and Brand commenced. The latter did not remain in more than 5 minutes, during which he received but 3 Balls and made 3 runs; a finely planted ball from Dr. Lewis then taking his stumps. 1 wicket down, 6 runs; and James Buckley took his place. S. Nichols was the next to suffer and by the same steady hand and eye. He, however, took 11 Balls, from which he made 4 runs, one being a 3 hit, but after 13 minutes Dr. Lewis demolished his wicket. 2 wickets down, 9 runs, and his place was taken by Marsh. The bats were now held by two players on whom there was great dependence, and it was proved to be well placed. Marsh maintained his ground 31 minutes, against the bowling of J. Nichols, Lewis, and Anson; from 28 Balls he made 19 runs, and at length was bowled out by Anson. 3 wickets down, 45 runs, and Skippon became his successor. In the meanwhile Buckley, who is yet but a lad of great promise in the game, was playing neatly and carefully. He remained in 42 minutes, but was doomed to fall by the sure hand of Anson, after receiving 33 balls, from which he made 11 runs. 4 wickets down, 46 runs. Vinten now took the bat, and used it to important purpose. Skippon remained in but 4 minutes, his wicket being prostrated by Dr. Lewis after he had received 4 balls, and made 5 runs. 5 wickets down, 50 runs. Platt succeeded Skippon, and remained in 25 minutes, in which time he received 21 balls, made 10 runs, one of which was a three, and was then caught at the point by Sanderson. 6 wickets down, 84 runs. Waller next went in, but remained but a short time, for after making 1 run, he was caught by Lewis, upon a forward hit. 7 wickets down, 86 runs. S. Shaw was the next to take the bat, and he maintained it 21 minutes, during which he received 25 balls and made 8 runs, but the formidable Anson at length found his wicket. 8 wickets down, 102 runs. He was succeeded by Downing. We return to Vinten, who all this time had been doing a large business; he maintained his bat 95 minutes, took 53 balls and made 32 runs, two of which were threes; but Anson at length upset his sticks. 9 wickets down, 123 runs. Winterbottom then went in, but Anson made short work with him, demolishing his house at the first ball. Downing maintained his bat to the end, and was not put out; he received 9 balls, from which he made three twos. 10 wickets down, 123 runs. Thus ended the first innings of the St. George's men, in two hours of actual contest.

The Philadelphians now took the bat, the St. George's bowlers during the inning being Messrs. Marsh and Brand. They commenced at 3:49 p.m., Messrs. O. P. Blackburne, and Sanderson opening the play. When they had stood to their wickets about 7 minutes, Mr. Sanderson was somewhat hurt by a ball which bounded from the ground and struck him on the head; he therefore retired for a while, and Mr. Wilson took the turn in his stead. Wilson remained in 10 minutes, in which time he took 9 balls, made 2 runs, and fell before the sweep of Brand. 1 wicket, 12 runs. Sanderson now resumed his bat; in all he was 16 minutes in, and made 4 runs, Brand at length found his wicket. 2 wickets, 18 runs. Coxhead came next, but was bowled out by Brand at the second ball, without any increase to the score. He was succeeded by Richardson, who remained in 26 minutes, during which he made 12 runs out of 14 balls, and at length knocked down his own wicket. His was the 6th wicket for 42 runs; but we must go back to state that Blackburne, who had been in 36 minutes, was bowled down by Brand after making 5 runs, one of which was a three. 4 wickets, 27 runs. Dr. Lewis was the next, but he did not remain long in, for Waller gave him a *quid pro quo*, by catching him at the point when he had made 3 runs. 5 wickets, 30 runs. The 6th wicket we have already mentioned, but omitted to say, that one of Richardson's hits was a three. J. Nichols followed Lewis; he was one of last year's first eleven, he remained in 17 minutes and made 10 runs, one of which was a three, off 14 balls; but Marsh gave him his *quid pro quo*. 7 wickets, 46 runs. Hawthorn succeeded Richardson; but he was shortly afterwards run out without scoring to his own account. 8 wickets, 49 runs. Anson succeeded J. Nichols, and E. Turner succeeded Hawthorn. Turner did not score in this inning, being caught by Brand, off a forward ball bowled by the latter. 9 wickets, 52 runs. Sutcliffe came last, and brought his bat out though without scoring; for Anson, after remaining in 23 minutes, and making 9 runs out of 18 balls, was finally bowled out by Brand which put an end to the Innings at 5:12 p.m. 10 wickets down, 59 runs.

After some debate as to the expediency of proceeding with a second inning at so late a period of the day, the Philadelphians determined that the play must go on till Sunset, and accordingly at 5:31 p.m., Buckley and Skippon went in, to commence the second innings of the St. George's party. Play was continued until 6:17 p.m. (Sunset), in which time Skippon, Buckley, and Vinten, were bowled out, and Nichols was caught at the point by Coxhead. The condition of the play was 4 wickets down, 24 runs made, and Marsh and Brand in possession of their bats for the following morning.

Play was resumed on Saturday morning at 10:49 a.m., but Mr. Brand not being on the ground Platt took the bat with Marsh. The main features of this inning are that Platt showed good play, making a capital four hit; Winterbottom redeemed his former misfortune by some good hitting, including two threes, and Waller making a three hit. Mr. Brand did not arrive to take his bat till near the close of the inning, and Mr. Shaw who had previously been bowled out without a run was allowed to go in for Downing, absent. He made two runs for the last mentioned and brought out his bat. The condition of the play

during this inning was as follows:—1 wicket for no runs, 2 for 17, 3 for 17, 4 for 20, 5 for 40, 6 for 43, 7 for 43, 8 for 48, 9 for 54, and 10 for 60. The position of the Philadelphians therefore, at this juncture, was, that they must make 124 runs during their second Innings, to tie the St. George's Second Eleven, or 125 runs to beat them. This latter they determined to struggle for, like hearty good Cricketers as they are, and the course of their play will shew that they were very nearly effecting their determination.

The chief calamities of the Philadelphians in their second Innings arose probably from their over-anxiety to bring up so long a score as was before them, and their fear of losing any more laurels. Their feelings in all probability lost them the match, for, it will be seen that Lewis, Wilson, and Anson, upon each of whom there was considerable dependence, were run out, shewing too much eagerness in the play: Sutcliffe was caught by Brand at a forward hit, Richardson was caught by Nichols at the middle wicket, J. Nichols was caught by Shaw at the Slip, Hawthorne was caught by Marsh, the wicket-keeper, and E. Turner was caught by Waller at the point. Here were five catches, evidently showing that the eagerness of the players caused them to neglect keeping their balls down. Only two were bowled out during this inning, and we have little doubt that with less of feeling the Philadelphians would have carried off the day. Even as it was they were only 15 runs deficient in the entire score of the Match, which was completed at half-past two. The following is the condition of the play at this Innings:—1 wicket down for 18 runs, 2 for 22, 3 for 47, 4 for 61, 5 for 76, 6 for 80, 7 for 95, 8 for 101, 9 for 103, and 10 for 109.

The following is the score of the game—

## ST. GEORGE'S, SECOND ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
Nichols, b. by Lewis .....	4 c. Coxhead, b. J. Nichols .....
Brand, b. by Lewis .....	3 stumped by J. Nichols .....
J. Buckley, Jr., b. by Anson .....	11 b. by Anson .....
Marsh, b. by Anson .....	19 b. by Sutcliffe .....
Skippon, b. by Lewis .....	5 b. by Anson .....
Vinten, b. by Anson .....	32 b. by J. Nichols .....
Platt, c. Sanderson, b. Lewis .....	10 b. by Sutcliffe .....
A. Waller, c. Lewis, b. Lewis .....	1 leg before wicket .....
S. Shaw, b. by Anson .....	8 b. by Anson .....
Downing, not out .....	6 not out .....
Winterbottom, b. by Anson .....	0 c. E. Turner, b. Sutcliffe .....
No Balls .....	2 Byes .....
Wide Balls .....	1 .....
Total .....	123 First Innings .....
	Total .....

## UNION CLUB, SECOND ELEVEN.

FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
O. P. Blackburne, b. by Brand .....	5 b. by Brand .....
Sanderson, b. by Brand .....	4 not out .....
Wilson, (Brooklyn), b. by Brand .....	2 run out .....
Coxhead, b. by Brand .....	0 b. by Marsh .....
Richardson (1st 11) struck wicket .....	12 c. S. Nichols, b. Brand .....
Lewis, c. Waller, b. Marsh .....	3 run out .....
J. Nichols, b. by Marsh .....	10 c. S. Shaw, b. Marsh .....
Hawthorn, run out .....	0 c. Marsh, b. Brand .....
Anson, b. by Brand .....	9 run out .....
E. Turner, c. Brand, b. Brand .....	0 c. Waller, b. Marsh .....
Sutcliffe (1st 11), not out .....	0 c. Brand, b. Brand .....
Byes .....	14 Byes .....
	59 No Balls .....
Second Innings .....	109 .....
	168 .....

There are, however, a few remarks necessary here, in vindication of the position of the St. George's Second Eleven, with regard to their friendly antagonists. We have alluded to two of the First Eleven Philadelphians as playing in this match also; now looking at the score we find that Richardson was the largest scorer in the first Innings of the Philadelphians, Sutcliffe not going in until the last, and that Sutcliffe was by far the largest scorer in the second Innings of the same party. Be all this as it may, the game was nobly contested, and there is not place either for exultation on the one side, or of depression on the other. We hear that the Union Club of Philadelphia can muster a better Second Eleven than they produced here; if so, and on their own ground, the boys of St. George will have to look out if they wish to maintain their precedence.

Thus ends this Bout of Cricketing, the longest that has been experienced consecutively in America, for, although that of last year was from Tuesday morning till Saturday at 1:20 p.m., yet that which has just terminated was "sans intermission," except during the night, and was continued an hour longer on Saturday. Nay we even heard of a match at single wicket, played on Thursday night at candle-light, which continued a considerable time, and was finally stopped only by the ball being irrecoverably lost.

**FUTURE MATCHES OF THE PRESENT SEASON.**—There will be, in all probability, two meetings yet to report before the Cricketers' Chronicle closes for the Season. In the first place that of Challenge given by the St. George's Cricket Club against any Eleven gentlemen of Canada, which has been accepted by the Toronto Cricket Club, and will doubtless be a hard-contested game. Secondly the Return Matches severally between the St. George's Cricket Club, and the Brooklyn Star Union Club, against the Union Club of Philadelphia. By the time these are completed, we suspect, that all parties hereabouts will have had enough match playing for the year 1844; they will not be likely to give a Challenge unless it be for next year, though the circumstances would be of a peculiar nature which would cause them to refuse one.

## SUPPER, GIVEN BY BROOKLYN UNION STAR CRICKET CLUB TO THEIR FRIENDLY ANTAGONISTS THE PHILADELPHIA UNION CRICKET CLUB.

This sumptuous repast and CRICKETERS' WELCOME was given at the Madison House, Brooklyn, near the South Ferry, on Friday evening, the 13th inst. It was all that a liberal spirit could suggest or a profuse hospitality spread before esteemed guests. Remove succeeded remove during the space of two



hours between sitting down at the table and the removal of the cloth; and the gentlemen of the Union Star Club seemed resolved to shew that although they could suffer defeat in the field after a brave and spirited contest, they could not be defeated in the spirit of a right noble welcome to the friendly strangers. Mr. Ransen, the proprietor of the Hotel, put forth his best skill, and the guests did full honor both to the feast and to the wines. The chair was filled by Mr. Phelps, President of the Union Star Club, and Mr. S. Nichols did the duty of croupier.

The Standard Toasts were now proposed by the President, commencing with "The Queen," "The President of the United States," and "The Noble Game of Cricket;" to each of which due honor was given, and the responses were enthusiastic and prolonged. The President next gave the especial Toast of the evening, "Prosperity and Happiness to every Member of the Union Cricket Club of Philadelphia."

Robt. Waller, Esq., V.-P. of the Society thus honored, had long to wait ere the plaudits subsided to which this toast had given rise; but in due time he made a brief and happy reply to the compliment, concluding with the toast of "Success to the Brooklyn Union Star Club." Messrs Wild and Dent (Members) then favored the company with the Duet of "The Minute Gun at Sea," which was sung very effectively.

Mr. Nichols replied to the Toast, in which he deprecated speech making at a convivial party, but in a feeling manner and in good set terms he acknowledged the compliment paid to the Brooklyn Union Star Club.

The President next gave "The St. George's Cricket Club of New York." [Cheers.]

Mr. Downing being called on to reply stated his belief that the St. George's Club were the Pioneers of the manly game in the United States, and that Brooklyn was their earliest scene of action. He alluded to the improvement and extension of its influence, remarked on its beneficial tendency to both the body and the mind, and then alluded to the Toronto acceptance of the St. George's Challenge. He believed that the good wishes of all true Cricketers were with the Challengers, and for his own part individually he would say that, as there was neither boast nor back-out in the character of his Club, they would all say with him, "Fair play, and let the best men win." He then gave "Honest, manly Cricketing, and honest manly Cricketers, all over the world."

It was now drawing towards the late hours, and we left the party in the full tide of enjoyment which we learned was continued long afterwards.

The Great Match of Cricket between the St. George's Cricket Club and the Toronto Cricket Club will probably come off on Tuesday next. The St. George's men are all prepared for their antagonists, the latter of whom we understand to be residents of Canada at the time the Challenge of the St. George's Club was accepted by them.

\*. \* We quote the following from an English Journal of a recent date, and believe that the opinion therein expressed will meet with a general affirmative response:—

THE GAME OF CRICKET.—Baron Alderson, a few days since, addressed the following remarks to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk:—"In a neighboring county which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had what I am afraid I shall not have here—a day of rest; and I went out into the country, and had the pleasure of seeing a Match of Cricket, in which a noble Earl, the Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and I believe he lost no respect from that course—they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that if they themselves associated more with the lower classes of society, the Kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder condition. I wish I could put it into the minds of all to think so, because I think it is true."

### Literary Notices.

LECTURE ON FASHION. By N. P. Willis. New York: Morris & Willis.—We announced some time ago that it was the intention of the lecturer to give to the world this elegant lecture in a printed form, and accordingly here we have it in No. 32 of "The New Mirror" Extra. We can but repeat the satisfaction we have received from it, and still more in the perusal than in the hearing, for we can now pause and consider any particular passage, whereas in a lecture delivered we must catch the beauties and excellencies *currente calamo*.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Part IX of this beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures is just published, and it fully equals, in all its excellent qualities, those which have preceded it.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. Part VIII. New York: Harpers.—This valuable text book has now proceeded to completion, and we are glad to perceive that it may now be procured by the masses, so cheap is the price.

THE JILT. New York: Harpers.—A novel illustrative of one of the most hateful characters of society is, when well executed, a public benefit. The present has at least a promising qualification; it is by the author of "Cousin Geoffrey," "The Marrying Man," and other well known works.

SILVERSTEIN SOUND, THE SONNAMBULIST. By Henry Cockton. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. Mr. Cockton is the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist," which was so popular when published in the English monthly numbers. It will be seen by the titles of his novels that he is somewhat fond of alliteration, but his works have far superior qualities notwithstanding.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. Part I. By Jas. Copland, M. D., F.R.S. Edited by Chas. A. Lee, M. D. New York: Henry G. Langley.—The medical world is under great obligations to Dr. Lee, both for his original writings and for his editorial care of the valuable works of others. The present work is one of high importance, originally issued by a sterling medical authority, and the American Editor, without altering one word of the original text, has added, in brackets, much that is peculiar to this country, climate, and local circumstances.

The following works are just published by Messrs. Saxton, Pierce, & Co., of Boston, in an exceedingly neat miniature edition, and uniformly bound.

SACRED SONGS, &c.—These consist of the "Sacred Songs," by T. Moore, the "Hebrew Melodies," by Lord Byron, and the "Palestine," by Bishop Heber. Comment on these is unnecessary; and bound together thus they are calculated to aid in furnishing a lady's boudoir, as well as to improve and purify the mind.

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY, consisting of beautiful selections from the writings of the elder English poets, such as Spencer, Shakspeare, Watton, Herrick, &c., together with some from Cowper, Grahame, &c., of a more recent date, and several from the most approved American poets, as Bryant, Mrs. Sigourney, Willis, &c.; they are chosen with great taste and propriety.

AUTUMN FLOWERS, &c. By Mrs. Southey.—The authoress, better known in the world of literature as Miss Caroline Bowles, has here brought together a bouquet of both beauty and fragrance.

SILENT LOVE, &c. Edited by Robert Hamilton.—We have here another set of selections by an able hand, from English and American poets; and it does fortunately so happen that in these several works we have not perceived a duplicate of any effusion.

LOVES OF THE ANGELS. By Thomas Moore.—Comment on these is useless; it forms an agreeable addition of this miniature edition of poetry.

The same publishers have put forth a neat edition of THE TONGUE OF TIME, OR, THE LANGUAGE OF THE CHURCH CLOCK.—By Wm. Harrison, A. M.—The object of this work is to furnish reflections for every passing hour, and the author has done so most impressively.

From the Canada Gazette Extraordinary.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Montreal, 3d September, 1844.

His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:

The Honorable William Henry Draper to be Attorney General for that part of the province formerly Upper Canada.

The Honorable William Morris, to be a member of the Executive Council of the province of Canada, and also Receiver General.

Dennis Benjamin Papineau, Esquire, to be a member of the Executive Council of the province of Canada, and also Commissioner of Crown Lands.

James Smith, Esquire, to be a member of the Executive Council of the province of Canada, and also to be a Queen's counsel in and for that part of the province formerly Lower Canada, and Attorney General for the same.

### PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, September 23, 1844.—Last night but 3 of Mr. MACREADY'S Farewell Engagement—"The Bridal,"—Melantius, Mr. MACREADY.

TUESDAY—Last night but 2 of Mr. MACREADY'S Farewell Engagement—"Othello,"—Iago, Mr. MACREADY.

WEDNESDAY—Last night but 1 of Mr. MACREADY'S Farewell Engagement—"Werner,"—Werner, Mr. MACREADY.

THURSDAY—Last night of Mr. MACREADY'S Farewell Engagement—"The Stranger,"—The Stranger, Mr. MACREADY.

FRIDAY—MR. MACREADY'S FAREWELL BENEVOLENT, and last appearance in New York—"King Lear," Lear, Mr. MACREADY.

### MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.

THE Vocalist, from England, Primo Basso of her Majesty's Concerts of Ancient Music, Exeter Hall, &c. &c., will have the honor of giving his first

### VOCAL CONCERT

in America, at the Apollo Rooms, on Monday evening next, Sept. 23, 1844, entitled an HOUR WITH DIBDIN, and a MISCELLANEOUS ACT, in which Mr. H. Phillips will sing the following Songs:—Poor Jack, Tom Bowling, Jolly Dick, While the Lads of the Village, the Can of Grog, The Sailor's Journal. Part 2—The Soul's Errand, The Rock of the Pilgrims, Down among the Dead Men, The Cut near the Wood, The Sea Fight, Love's Errand, The Best of all Good Company.

Admission \$1. To commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets and Programmes to be had at all the Music Stores, and at the rooms on the evening.

Mr. H. Phillips will accompany himself on Chickering's Grand Square Piano Forte. Sept. 21-11.

### EXHIBITION.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

OF A VERY LARGE SIZE with Colossal Figures, painted and lately finished by F. Anelli, in New York.

Exhibition now open, at Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 10 P.M.

Admission 25 cents.

Sp. 21-1m.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—THE HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash. J. LEVINSTY, 466 Broadway, up stairs.

A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. Sp. 21-1m.

### THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON

### WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS,

FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT, AT

THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [Ag. 17-2m.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-1f.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-1f.

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at 137 Hudson-st., or at the Office of this Journal. Ag. 21.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets,) No. York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m



## INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

**THE UNDERSIGNED**, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sets of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the *gratuitous* use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGET, of the Telegraph in Wall-street, and in the Narrows, and in the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, *gratuitously*.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. Legget, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

**P. S.** Ships and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners', below—Brigs', alone.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GENERAL EDUCATION,  
422 HOUTON STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

REV. R. T. HUDDART, MASTER.

**THE** Summer Vacation will terminate on Monday, Sept. 2d, at which time the punctual attendance of the Pupils is requested.

## A CARD.

Mr. HUDDART takes the present opportunity of informing his friends, and those Parents who may be about selecting a School for their sons, that he will remove in the course of the ensuing winter to Fourteenth-st., within a few doors of Union Square, between University Place and Fifth Avenue, where a building has just been erected for him, which, when completed, will form one of the best arranged and most extensive establishments for Education in the City. The plans, prepared expressly to suit his wishes, will be found to combine every accommodation, convenience, and comfort that can be desired, and such as the experience of more than twelve years has suggested. The situation is probably the most eligible which could have been selected for the purpose, as regards health and facility of access: all the advantages of good Instructors and Professors will be available, whilst the benefits of a country residence will be gained by the out-door Athletic Exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious play ground. The Gymnasium, Drill-room for Physical Education, Dances, &c., will be on a scale suitable to the rest of the Establishment, and such as those who are acquainted with Mr. Huddart's views on this subject, may have full confidence in recommending to their friends.

The Institution is intended chiefly for Boarders, a limited number, however, of Day Scholars and Day Boarders will be received; the latter of whom will be treated in all respects as the regular Boarders, they must remain throughout the day at the School, be subject to the same discipline and control, and be allowed to return home only in the evenings, and then up to a certain age, under the charge of an assistant.

To those parents who are aware of the many difficulties which exist in bringing up boys in the city, and who well know that the Streets are the prolific source from which much baneful influence and example are derived, this plan will no doubt prove acceptable.

## TERMS.

For Boarders \$400 per Annum, including every expense, except Music and Oil Painting.

For Boys under ten years of age \$300 per Annum: these have been the terms uniformly charged since the School has been in operation, and will remain the same, except where there are two or more from the one family, in which case a reduction is made. After his removal Mr. Huddart's charge for DAY BOARDERS will be \$50 per quarter of Twelve weeks, which will include the wide course of instruction taught at the School, together with the accomplishments of French, Spanish, and Vocal Music, but not Instrumental Music, Drawing or Oil Painting.

For those under ten years of age \$35 per quarter, with the same advantages.

Day Scholars \$30 per quarter, without any reference to age.

A Prospectus containing full information as to the course of study, system adopted, outfit required for Boarders, and other particulars interesting to Parents may be obtained at any time on application at Mr. Huddart's present residence.

AG. 24-25.

## MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

**THIS ESTABLISHMENT** situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with its Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

(Mar. 9-11.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.  
VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

**DAILY**, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dugan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.

May 11-11.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN**—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloft. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN**—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

June 8.

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

**M. RADEA**, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture. Ap. 20-17.

**RIALTO, MONTREAL**.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobbler, and every fancy drink on demand. Loosers, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag 2-30.

## LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

**A** COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Children, in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infant's Summer Complaints and Scarlet Rash, with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever, and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is **PURE BLOOD**.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** surely purify the blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

**Dr. B. Brandreth**,—Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1841 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag. 17.]

## INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a Desideratum.

**IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES**.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the healthy or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulus to the liver. But when ver the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is imperfectly secreted, and a disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one term or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing miasms, and it may be years of suffering, **PARR'S LIFE PILLS** are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 132 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street.

Ag. 10.

## STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

**SIR**—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.  
Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.  
Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 5, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

**WILLIAM JONES**, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.  
All the public Newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then send in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 140.

Ag. 17-3m]



**SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,  
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS-  
EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD,  
OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:**

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Bites, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate FANGEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skillful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself well and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good: the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel McConnickan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

Respectfully,

J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag. 3.

**WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,  
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.**

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.  
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.  
Aug. 30-1f.

**DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS  
TO THE PUBLIC.**

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all-powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, butters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well-being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, if like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 21.)

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

**OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.**

The Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,  
and to BARNING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.